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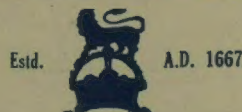
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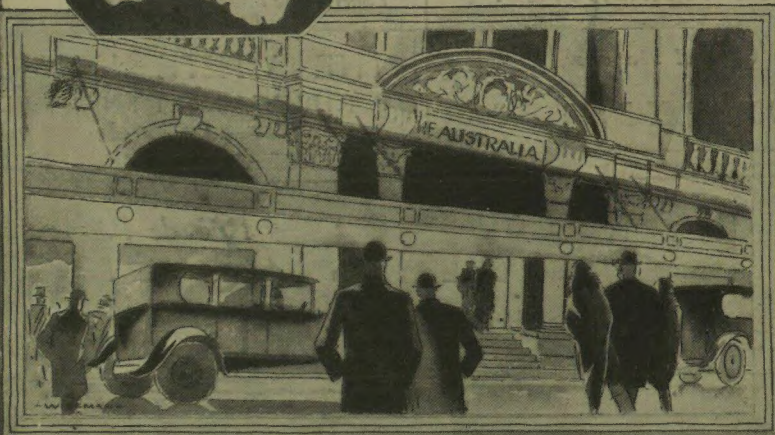
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SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1930.

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MYSTERIOUS TATTOOED BIRD-WOMEN FROM UR: THE MOST ANCIENT SCULPTURES OF MESOPOTAMIA.

On a double-page in this number, the remarkable discoveries made recently at Ur, in the deepest levels of the excavations, are illustrated and described by Mr. C. Leonard Woolley, the famous archæologist in charge of the work. He explains that the latest diggings have gone down to a depth of 60 ft. below

a stratum itself not later than 3200 B.C. Among the objects found are some clay figurines of women (two of which are shown above) with grotesque, bird-like heads, black wigs, and abnormally broad shoulders bearing tattoo marks or cicatrices of tribal scars. Mr. Woolley calls them "the earliest sculptures of Mesopotamia."

PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF MR. C. LEONARD WOOLLEY, DIRECTOR OF THE JOINT EXPEDITION OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA MUSEUM TO MESOPOTAMIA.
(SEE ALSO PAGES 226 AND 227.)

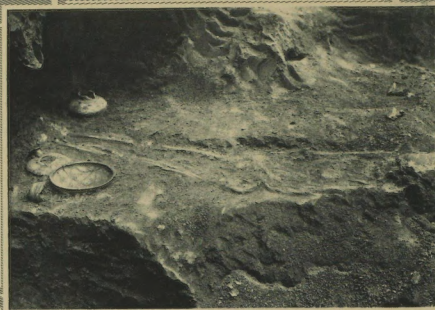
RELICS OF REMOTE ANTIQUITY FROM UR: DATING BACK FAR BEYOND 3200 B.C.



SIGNS OF TATTOOING AMONG THE EARLIEST INHABITANTS OF UR: FIGURINES OF GREEN CLAY WITH DETAILS PAINTED IN BLACK, INCLUDING APPARENTLY TATTOO MARKS ON THE SHOULDERS. (NOTE ALSO THE CHILD'S DEFORMED HEAD.)



A "TEA-POT" AND TWO PLATTERS OF PAINTED WARE: AN EXTRAORDINARY PROTOTYPE OF A FAMILIAR MODERN DOMESTIC VESSEL, FOUND AMONG THE EARLIEST POTTERY AT UR, THOUSANDS OF YEARS OLD.



A FORM OF BURIAL DIFFERING FROM ALL LATER SUMERIAN EXAMPLES HITHERTO KNOWN: ONE OF THE EARLIEST GRAVES, WITH THE SKELETON EXTENDED RIGIDLY ON ITS BACK, AND PAINTED VASES AT THE FEET.

"The importance of the great prehistoric cemetery of Ur," writes Mr. C. Leonard Woolley, "lay not in the fact that its royal tombs produced such a wealth of gold objects as excavation has seldom brought to light, but in the revelation which it afforded of a civilisation so remote and so new to science. This year we have been able to carry back the history of Ur beyond calculable dates, and a fresh series of graves has illustrated for us its very beginnings. The graves, originally but shallow trenches, lie now under some sixty feet of soil filled, in a stratification remarkably distinct, by superimposed buildings in which the changing types of bricks and the appearance and disappearance of new fashions of pottery bespeak the rise and fall of successive civilisations. A depth of sixty feet implies a vast period of time, yet, where our pit has been sunk, the ground surface, denuded by weather which has swept away all traces of the buildings of a later age, represents a period no later than 3200 B.C., and every foot below that takes us still farther back in time. We have gone down to virgin soil, the clay in which the reeds of the marsh first found root, and the pottery which rests on that virgin soil, though necessarily earlier than that in the graves, is in type identical with it. The graves belong to the first people who occupied Ur (and what is true of Ur is true of southern Mesopotamia as a whole), though not to the first stage of their occupation. In every age of which we had knowledge hitherto, the Sumerian was buried lying on his side with the knees drawn up and the arms bent so that the hands came before the face. In these graves, however, the body lies on the back, rigidly extended, and the hands are crossed over the pelvis. There is no sign of the mat wrapping usual in later times, but in a certain number of cases the bottom

of the grave trench was paved with large fragments of broken pottery, on the top of which the body was placed, together with the grave offerings. Occasionally, small beads of shell or black stone are worn on the arms, and a stone axe or mace-head may be found by the shoulder, but for the most part the offerings are of clay. The characteristic pottery is of a type familiar from fragments which occur freely in the earlier levels at Ur, at Eridu, at Warka, and at other Sumerian sites, but it is called 'al 'Ubaid ware' because at al 'Ubaid we first found three or four more or less complete examples of

(Continued opposite.)



WITH LUMPS ON THE SHOULDERS MARKS OR THE CAT'S FACE OF STRANGE BIRD-HEADED FIGURINES



PAINTED POTS LYING IN A GRAVE: A TYPICAL DISCOVERY IN SITU AT UR, WHERE POTTERY OF IMMENSE ANTIQUITY HAS BEEN FOUND, ENTIRELY DIFFERENT FROM THAT OF THE HISTORIC OR LATER PREHISTORIC PERIODS.

(Continued.)

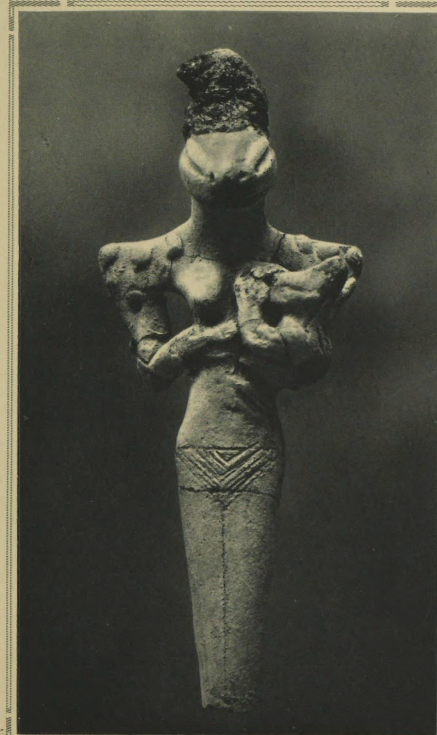
It, made of a buff clay often turned green in the firing and decorated with designs in chocolate-brown or black paint. It is entirely different from anything produced in the historic or later prehistoric periods, and, even before we found fragments of it underlying the clay deposit left by the Flood, I had ventured to call it antediluvian. Now we have complete vases in great numbers and in a variety of forms. Thin-walled and inclined to be brittle, they have generally been crushed by the enormous weight of the earth under which they have lain for so many thousands of years; but the colours have not suffered, and the pots, once pieced together, will form a wonderful collection noteworthy not only for the antiquity, but for the artistic excellence of the objects. The decoration, simple in its elements, is well composed and admirably adapted to the shape of the vessel; the shapes, so far from being primitive, show that the Mesopotamian potter had already explored to the full the natural possibilities of his material; it is a humble art, perhaps, but highly developed. Another aspect of art is shown by the figurines which occur in a certain number of graves. They are of terra-cotta, and always represent a nude female, sometimes resting her hands on her sides, sometimes holding a child to her breast: in some cases the figure is of green clay with black markings; in others, it is of white clay with a wig of bitumen and blobs of red paint on the cheeks. The bodies are well modelled and very slender, except that the shoulders are unnaturally broad; but the heads are astonishing, the face reduced to a grotesque, bird-like mask, all nose and long slanting eye-slits, the skull elongated to a hideous deformity. Clearly convention has been at work here, for the man who fashioned so delicate a body

could, had he wished, have produced a human head that would not have been so gross a caricature. Being found in graves, the figures must have some religious significance, and we can attribute to a religious motive the anomalous character of these, the earliest sculptures of Mesopotamia." Our readers will recall that two examples of the oldest animal sculpture found at Ur—a stætte figure of a boar and a clay figurine of a cheetah—were illustrated in our issue of February 15. Colour reproductions of other treasures from Ur, including a harp 5000 years old, appeared in the number for September 21, 1929.



REPRESENTING EITHER TATTOO TRIBAL SCARS: TWO OF THE OF WHITE CLAY WITH BLACK WIG.

STRANGE FIGURES OF BIRD-HEADED WOMEN: UNKNOWN TYPES OF BURIAL AND POTTERY.



A "MADONNA AND CHILD" TYPE OF FIGURINE, IN WHITE CLAY WITH BLACK WIG: ONE OF THE CURIOUS BIRD-HEADED WOMEN STATUETTES—EVIDENTLY HAVING SOME RELIGIOUS SIGNIFICANCE—FOUND IN THE EARLIEST GRAVES.



"CRUSHED BY THE ENORMOUS WEIGHT OF EARTH UNDER WHICH THEY HAVE LAIN FOR SO MANY THOUSANDS OF YEARS": VASES IN FRAGMENTS LIFTED IN A MASS WITH SOIL ADHERING AND THEN CLEARED FOR PHOTOGRAPHY, BEFORE BEING REPAIRED FOR PACKING AND SUBSEQUENT MENDING.



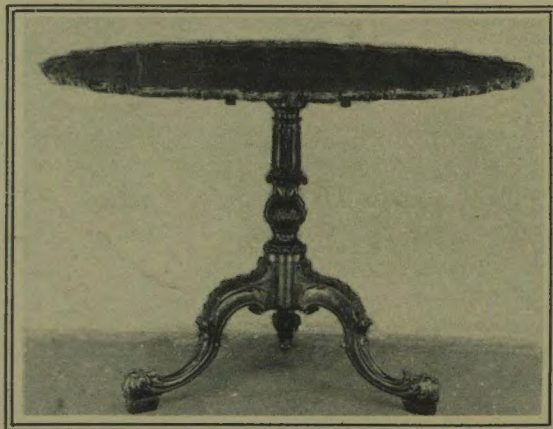
By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I HAVE never ceased to regret that when Mr. H. G. Wells struck off that one splendid and expressive title, "An Outline of History," he immediately forgot all about it, and went off to make an outline of something else; something that began as the outline of a highly doubtful skull in Piltown or Java, and ended as an outline of the swelled head of a modern Prophet of Peace. But the original phrase expressed exactly what is really wanted, and what has not even yet been adequately provided. Those who have attempted it have been too much limited and entangled by certain modern notions, which, whether true or false, have nothing to do with the outline of what actually happened. It may be true that mankind is moving on towards a universal peace and brotherhood in which national frontiers will fade; but that does not alter the fact that Mussolini has actually happened. It may be true that one single language and alphabet will soon be adopted by everybody (presumably a commercial compound of Pidgin English and British business abbreviations); but that ought not to make us deny the fact that many a new independent nation, like the Irish Free State, printing all its documents in its own ancient insular tongue, has actually happened. It may be true that Hygiene and the Higher Puritanism, when properly organised, will produce a new generation without any wild or wicked appetites at all; but that does not in itself explain why men are murdered every day in Chicago, and mostly in a quarrel about who shall sell the largest amount of drink; it does not eliminate those hundreds or thousands of deaths as things that have happened.

The ideal hopes of the nineteenth century have taught men to look through rose-coloured spectacles at the actual events of the twentieth century. According to the old Victorian almanacs, this ought to be the time when Peace is most firmly assured, when Parliaments are most universal and popular, when the liberty of every individual citizen is most unhindered, when the order of every civilised city is most undisturbed. Only, if we look, not at the almanac of the nineteenth century, but at the facts of the twentieth century, we find that there is nothing of the sort. We find

all the things that our fathers told us they had destroyed: dictatorships, religious persecutions, feuds and private wars, and even men found stabbed in the street, as in the days of Capulet and Montague. Now I do not blame the modern historian like Mr. Wells for having what he would call a vision beyond all these things. I do not blame him for saying, as a man and therefore as a mystic, that he still hopes that his scheme of redemption liveth, and that it will appear towards the latter days of the earth. Faith is a thing to be respected, especially when it has no apparent supports but in the soul. I only say that to end up your account of current affairs on that note is not an outline of history. It is an outburst of prophecy. What we want is some real though general outline of the things that are happening, or have lately happened, in the world, which shall bring out precisely these elements of the unexpected, the disproportionate, or the disappointing. The Outline

of History must not end, like the Bible, in the New Jerusalem; it must end in the New Europe—or the New America. And these new societies, whatever their merit, are by no means exactly like what modern progressives and idealists have mostly proclaimed or prophesied them to be. We want the Outline especially to cave in and collapse where it has, in truth, caved in and collapsed, even if the man drawing it prefers the swollen contours that went before. We want to emphasise exactly what it is in Mussolini that would have puzzled Mazzini. We have got to face exactly what Nelson would have thought of our naval policy towards America. We have got to realise how Prohibition would have shaken the very foundations of the whole political theory of Abraham Lincoln.



SOLD FOR 660 GUINEAS: A CARVED CHIPPENDALE MAHOGANY TRIPOD-TABLE WITH OVAL TOP. (42 IN. WIDE.)



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At a sale of old English furniture and old Brussels tapestry, held at Christie's on February 20, some notable prices were realised, totalling nearly £20,000. The highest individual figure was the 2450 guineas paid by Mr. H. Simmons for the panel of Flemish tapestry here illustrated. The knee-hole table, with its wonderful interior accommodation for a collection of specimens, was one of ninety-nine lots belonging to Mrs. Alfred Noyes, and removed from Lulworth Castle in consequence of the fire there last August. The tripod-table illustrated above was purchased by Mr. F. Partridge.

Photographs by Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.

Take the case of Abraham Lincoln's country alone, and observe the one broad fact that will never be put into any Outline of History. I have just been reading an excellent collection of American short stories; and it is doubtful if there are any better short stories in the world. Some of them are historical, in the best sense of being traditional. Some of them are realistic; that is, they are historical about our own period of history. And the two taken together mark a most enormous and momentous change; yet I doubt whether it will ever be noted among the columns of commerce or curves of population out of which an "outline" is made. There are some excellent stories, by Mr. Melville Davisson Post, about early days in the republican foundation of Virginia. One of them actually begins with an excellent passage which is highly relevant here. The writer says that he has heard men sneer at the idea of the People's Will,

as a meaningless metaphysic of Rousseau or Jefferson; but he can never forget that his own home had memories of the days when the thing could be seen naked and gigantic, doing its own work and fulfilling its own will. He proceeds to tell a story full of rugged republican dignity; of how one farmer or plain man after another in the court-room stood up, risking his life, against an unjust judge: "Till it was as if all the hills and valleys were standing up." One of the old men reassures the furious judge with a fine phrase full of the old formal republican logic: "We will never permit our authority to be insulted in your person." That is a spirit that once really was in Virginia and in America. I will not quarrel about exactly how many Virginians or Americans had it, or in what degree each understood what he had. But it was there. I turn from these historical studies, which so far as they go are quite historical; and in the same collection of short stories (they are published by the Funk and Wagnalls Company) I find vivid and virulent little sketches of the state of law and government in the great cities of America to-day. I find men writing as realists, indeed almost writing as reporters, who report (as if it were the most ordinary thing in the world) that a great criminal lawyer is the leader of a disciplined army of criminals, and systematically saves his clients by blackmailing judges and packing juries. The writers talk quite casually about whole cities which some corrupt Mayor or Chief of Police holds in a silence of terror. I do not take it literally; my point is the calm way in which the writers take it. My point is that there seems to be an astonishing evaporation of all that virile idea of public virtue that surrounded the foundations of the Republic; and that, if we were to go by these stories, we should say that the old and noble conception of the citizen

was dead. Well, I have had only too good reason to fear that it was dead in my own country, and in countries where it has never been so splendidly alive. I am not indulging in a silly international recrimination. I am not comparing America with England; or America with Fascist Italy; or America with Royalist Spain. I am comparing America with America. And it seems to me that a real Outline would record the rise of a high and hopeful democratic ideal in the

later eighteenth century; followed by a mysterious corruption and collapse, not only in America, but elsewhere. We want to discuss why that noble democratic ideal was poisoned, and we are only commanded to go on saying that it is pure. It is not specially to the discredit of America that it declined. It is to the discredit, or credit, of Original Sin and the old Christian common sense about the devil destroying the best in man. But we do want our historians to note the contrast between a hope and a disappointment that are both so recent. And some of us distrust these futurist and evolutionary historians, because they do not seem to us to be telling the truth up to date; because they have not any philosophy for things so topical as the fall of European Parliaments or the creation of the Vatican State; or the sorrow that fills all democrats over the last triumph and funeral of democracy.



WITH BELLOWS TO CREATE A BREEZE
"INLAND NAVIGATORS."—BY GEORGE
(Lent by Leopold Hirsch, Esq.)



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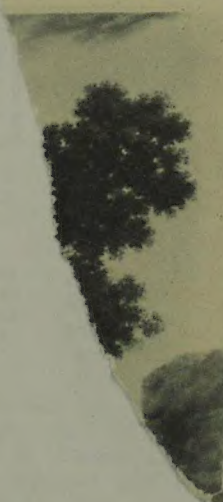
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"ANATOMY OF THE HORSE": "THE MELBOURNE
FAMILY GROUP."—BY GEORGE STUBBS.
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ON GARDENS! "THOMAS
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"CONVERSATION PIECES" OF ANOTHER ORDER: ARTS AND AN INTERLUDE.

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AT ONCE A PORTRAIT-PICTURE AND A RECORD OF A FAMOUS COLLECTION:
"CHARLES TOWNELEY AND HIS MARBLES."—BY JOHANN ZOFFANY.
(Lent by Lord O'Hagan.)



A SCENE NOT PARALLELED IN THESE MORE PROSAIC DAYS! "A PRETTY
MAID BUYING LOVE-SONGS."—BY HENRY WALTON.
(Lent by Lord Mildmay.)



A TERPSICHOREAN STUDY: "THE DANCER, BACELLI."—
BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.
(Lent by Sir Otto Beit, Bt.)



SHOWING A "PET" DOG HELD UP BY ITS HIND-LEGS! "LORD GREY
AND LADY MARY GREY WHEN CHILDREN."—BY WILLIAM HOGARTH.
(Lent by Leonard Gow, Esq.)

In connection with the first of these four "Conversation Pieces," it is well to recall that Charles Towneley, who was born in 1737 and died in 1805, won fame as a collector of classical antiquities. In 1765, he visited Rome, and what he saw there so aroused his enthusiasm that he began to gather together ancient marbles. Thanks to excavations carried on in Rome, he was soon able to house in London a collection which was practically without equal; and, at his death, this passed to the British Museum by purchase, the sum given

for it being £28,000. As to Henry Walton, it may be noted that he was a member of the Society of Artists, and that he exhibited at the Royal Academy from 1771 to 1779, generally portraits in the form of domestic or other little incidents. Hogarth is shown on our page in one of the more amiable of his moods, but it is certainly amusing to note how his fondness for depicting and satirising the less pleasant aspects of life is seen in the presentation of the dog—presumably a family pet!—held upside down by its hind-legs!



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



STAG-BEETLES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

OPENING the morning's letters I generally find a pleasant task, since I seldom fail to get one or more interesting epistles from those readers of this page who live in regions happily not yet "ripe for development." Sometimes they are accompanied by parcels containing some strange plant or queer type of animal. This happened not a week ago, when some

Chile, described by Darwin—exceed in length the rest of the body. This is not so, however, with the common stag-beetle; though, as I have said,

the peacock? If this be so, then, since the small jaws of the female seem to serve the function of nippers, how is it that they are not necessary for this purpose in the male? Here is a matter that our "coleopterists" might well investigate during the coming summer, for the stag-beetle is by no means rare in the South of England. I have often seen the males issuing forth

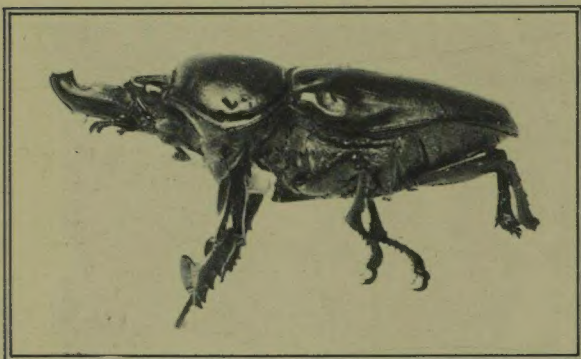


FIG. 1. SHOWING THE CURIOUS JAWS, WITH UPSTANDING NOTCHED FLANGE: A SIDE VIEW OF THE QUEENSLAND STAG-BEETLE, HERE TWICE NATURAL SIZE.

The jaws are seen here from the side, and much enlarged. The upstanding notched flange is a conspicuous feature. The colour of the body is of a rich dark metallic green, looking like burnished metal.

really wonderful beetles arrived from Queensland, with the suggestion that they might prove sufficiently interesting to form the theme of one of my essays. As a matter of fact, there is enough material for two or three. To-day I propose to say something of a small stag-beetle that formed part of this most welcome gift. It is a very ordinary-looking beetle at first sight, and by no means like what I may call the conventional stag-beetle. But it is just for this very reason that I want to enlarge upon it here. To appreciate the interest of this little creature—just over an inch long—it must be set side by side with an indubitable stag-beetle, and no better example of this can be found than that furnished by *Lucanus cervus* of our countryside. The stag-beetles, it should be remembered, are near allies of the famous scarab of the ancient Egyptians, our own "dor-beetle"—the "shard-borne beetle" of Shakespeare—and our native cockchafer. But these are all burrowers, and have the forelegs adjusted to this end by a great toothed flange along each fore-leg.

With the stag-beetle's mode of life we are by no means so well acquainted—at any rate, after its larval life has passed. Its most striking characteristic is centred in the mandibles, which, typically, are of great length and armed with spines, or "teeth" (Fig. 4). But, for some quite inexplicable reason—for there must be a reason if we could only discover it—these insects display a singular range of variation in point of size, accompanied by a corresponding difference in the size of the jaws, even in the same species. So much so that the "coleopterists" have divided them into groups—the "telodont," where the jaws are conspicuously large; the "priodont," wherein they are small; and the intermediate "mesodont" types. This division concerns, primarily, the males, which are larger than the females, wherein the jaws are quite small. This "sexual dimorphism" is so marked among the *Lucanidae*, or stag-beetles, that the two sexes have sometimes been placed in different genera! Mistakes of this kind, however, have resulted only when the two sexes have been discovered at different times, by different authorities. A male has been examined and described as a new species by one systematist, while the female has come to the notice of another, perhaps from a locality remote from that from which the male was sent!

The jaws may, in some species—as in the case of *Chiasognathus grantii*, of South

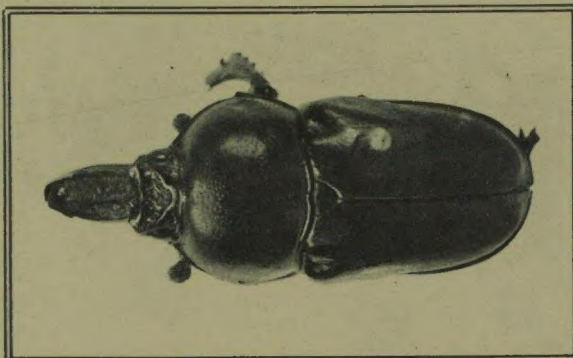


FIG. 2. MUCH SMALLER THAN THE COMMON SPECIES (FIG. 4): A QUEENSLAND STAG-BEETLE (*LAMPTINA LATEREILLI*) HERE SHOWN TWICE NATURAL SIZE. In this species the jaws are so small as to disguise the true character of this insect, until they are examined with a lens. Seen from above, to the naked eye, they seem to form a trough-shaped extension of the head, the trough being filled with a fibrous substance.

in this species there is a very singular proneness to split up into three types. It is rather surprising, perhaps, but as yet no one has succeeded in divining the function of these jaws. They can hardly be regarded either as weapons of offence or defence, though the inconspicuous jaws of the female can inflict a really sharp nip. Are we to regard them merely as secondary "sexual characters," just ornaments, peculiar to the male, like the train of

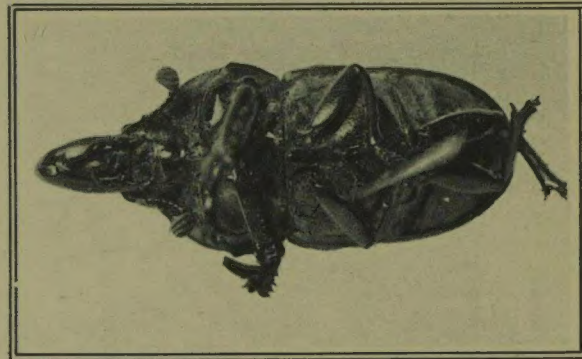


FIG. 3. SHOWING HOW THE JAWS MEET CLOSELY TOGETHER, AND INTERLOCK: THE UNDER-SIDE OF THE QUEENSLAND STAG-BEETLE. (TWICE NATURAL SIZE.)

When examined from the under-side and by the aid of a lens, the jaws are seen to fit closely together at their tips, and to be locked by opposing tubercles. There seems reason to believe that the jaws are used for seizing purposes. The antennae, drawn backwards on each side of the head, and ending in disc-like plates pressed together, are characteristic of the group to which the stag-beetles belong—hence the name *Lamellicoma*.

in the twilight, presumably to feed. But their powers of flight are very limited, since they seem able to travel only in a downward direction, so that, alighting on the ground, they have to climb up the nearest tree to obtain the trajectory for the next flight.

And now as to *Lamptina latereilli*, the stag-beetle from Queensland. As will be seen in Fig. 2, this is by no means obviously a stag-beetle. It was not until I examined its head with a lens that I realised its relationship. For the jaws of the creature are so profoundly different from the type. To the naked eye, indeed, they seem to form but a curiously trough-shaped extension of the head, the trough being filled with some fibrous substance. But under a lens their true nature is revealed. Thus, in Fig. 2, it will be seen that the space between the two jaws is filled up by interlocking hairs. In Fig. 1 the jaws are shown from the side, where it will be seen they are armed at their tips with an upstanding notched flange. On the under-surface (Fig. 3) these jaws meet closely together in front, and are provided with interlocking tubercles, as if to enable a grip to be obtained, either in fighting, or perhaps seizing females.

What governs the forms of these conspicuously different types of jaws? No answer is forthcoming to this question, which is rendered more difficult because their functions are unknown. To describe them as due to "exuberances of growth" is to beg the question. Again, what function is performed by the interlocking hairs of this strange type from Queensland? Here again we are at a loss for an answer.

Between five and six hundred species of stag-beetles have been described, the Indo-Malayan and Austro-Malayan regions being the richest in them. Since Australia possesses many remarkable and surprising variants in the form of the jaws, I am anxious to induce my friend Mr. Copeman to make special efforts to secure some of these for me. No less important are notes on their modes of feeding and habits, when these can be discovered. For to-day we know nothing of the life-history of any of these, save in the case of the four European species. And when we say that the larvæ live in decaying wood, and take about four years to come to maturity, we have said practically all that can be said of them.

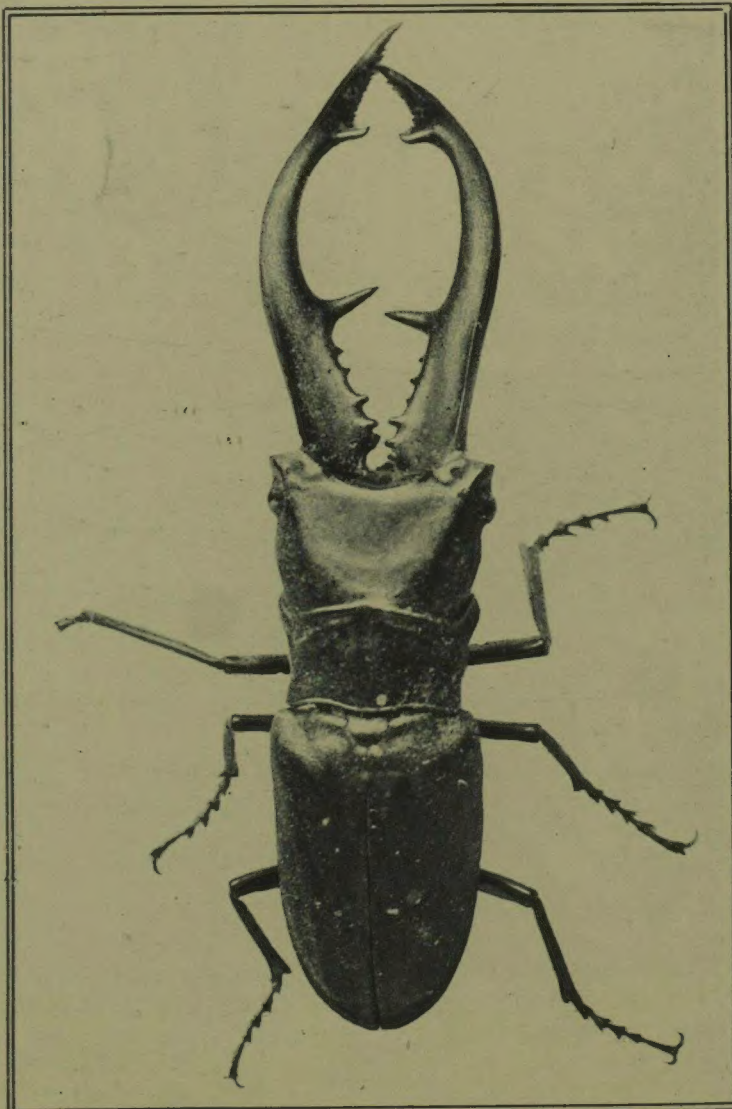
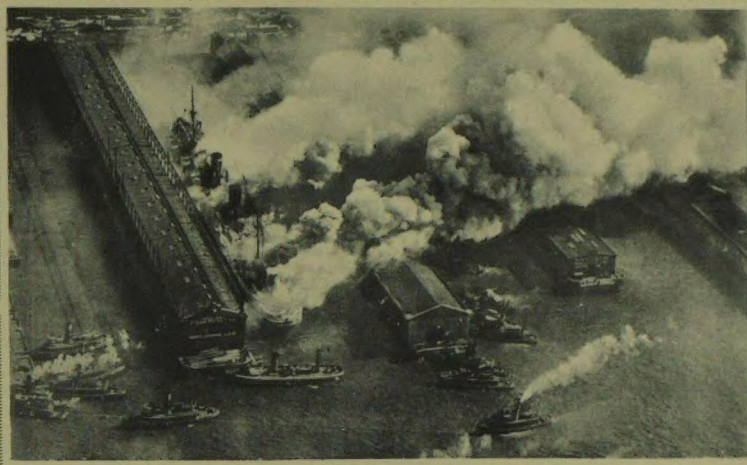


FIG. 4. FOR COMPARISON WITH ITS SMALL QUEENSLAND RELATIVE SHOWN IN FIGS. 1 TO 3: A COMMON STAG-BEETLE FROM SURREY, 2½ INCHES LONG, HERE SHOWN TWICE ITS NATURAL SIZE.

The stag-beetle is by no means rare in southern England, and can be distinguished at a glance by the curiously long, toothed jaws, which, however, show a wide range of variation in point of size.

A £500,000 FIRE ABOARD A LINER AT NEW YORK.



THE S.S. "MÜNCHEN" BEFORE AND AFTER THE DISASTER.



A DISASTER THAT RECALLS THAT IN THE "EUROPA" AT HAMBURG: THE NORTH GERMAN LLOYD LINER "MÜNCHEN" ON FIRE AT NEW YORK—AN AIR VIEW.



SUNK BY THE STERN ON TO A TUBE OF THE HUDSON AND MANHATTAN RAILWAY, WHOSE SERVICES WERE TEMPORARILY SUSPENDED: THE BURNT "MÜNCHEN."

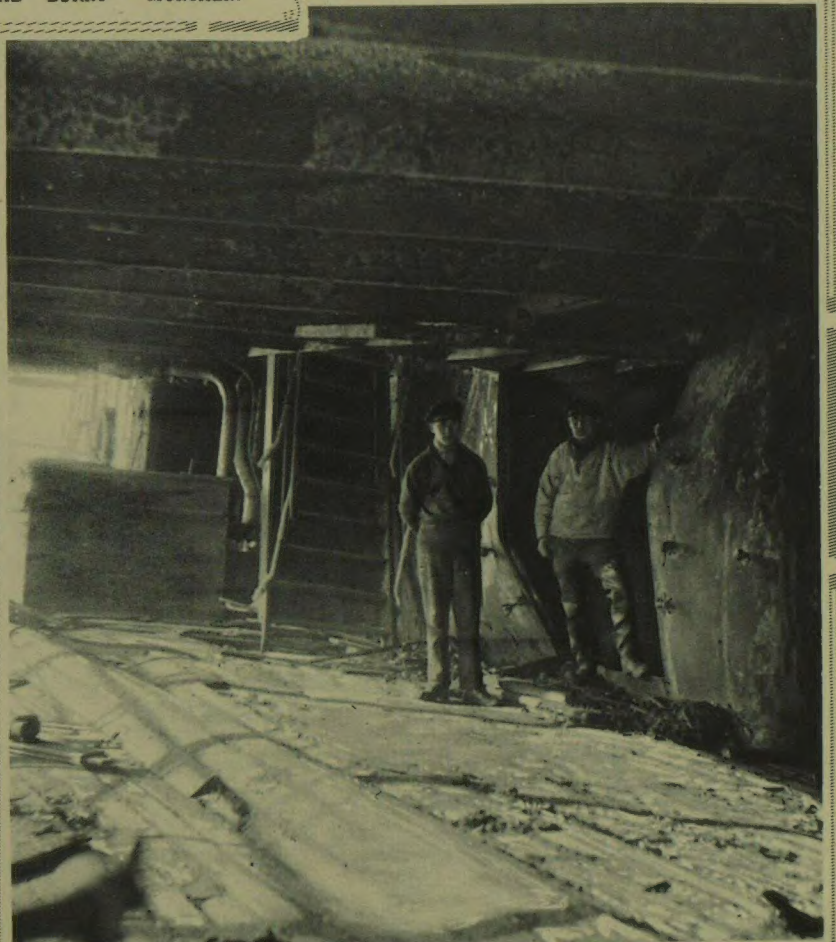


CANARIES AMONG THE CARGO THAT HAD A REMARKABLE ESCAPE: SOME OF THE 7000 BIRDS, MOSTLY FOUND ALIVE AFTER THE FIRE.

THE DAMAGED LINER SUNK IN THE HARBOUR AND LISTING: HAVOC ON THE "MÜNCHEN'S" DECKS THE DAY AFTER THE FIRE.



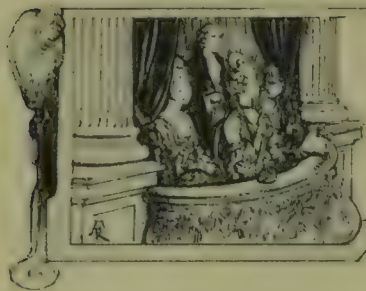
A SCENE OF DEVASTATION IN THE "MÜNCHEN'S" ONCE LUXURIOUS MUSIC-ROOM: A FIREMAN SEATED AT THE BURNT-OUT SHELL OF THE GRAND PIANO.



EFFECTS OF THE EXPLOSIONS WHICH CAUSED TWO DEATHS: A STEEL HATCH BLOWN OUT (BEHIND THE MEN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH), AND A WARPED DECK.

The North German Lloyd Company has been singularly unfortunate with fires aboard their ships in port. Last March, it may be recalled, their new 51,000-ton liner, "Europa" (since repaired and recently put on her trials), was burnt in dock at Hamburg. A few weeks ago a similar disaster befell their ship the "München" (13,483 tons), about two hours after her arrival at New York, from Bremen, on February 11. The first reports stated that an explosion took place in one of the holds, where shellac and potash were stored, and was followed by three other and more violent explosions, which tore open the ship's side. Some of the 267 passengers were still on board when the first explosion occurred, but

got away safely. Two men, however, were killed—one a city fireman, and the other a member of the crew. The fire lasted for twenty-four hours, and thirteen firemen were injured or overcome by smoke. The "München" listed heavily as she sank to the river bottom. Close underneath was a tube of the Hudson and Manhattan Railway connecting New York and New Jersey, and as a precaution the service of trains was suspended, but was resumed next day. The damage done to the ship by the fire was estimated at £500,000. The cargo included cages containing 7000 Hartz Mountain canaries in a hold near that where the explosions took place, but after the fire most of the birds were found alive.



The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.



"THE LOVE PARADE."

SLOWLY but surely the sound-synchronised and talking-screen is beginning to show signs of adjustment to the right use of the new medium. Photographic and vocalised reproductions of stage plays, if not things of the past, are at least coming to be regarded as a peculiarly specialised type of



THE LOVERS IN "THE LOVE PARADE," AT THE CARLTON THEATRE: M. MAURICE CHEVALIER AS COUNT ALFRED AND MISS JEANETTE MACDONALD AS THE QUEEN OF SYLVANIA.

entertainment whose appeal is only to those comparatively few filmgoers whose emotions and sense of comedy can be stimulated by tersely dramatic or humorously sophisticated dialogue alone. Revue, apart from its surface value as a *tour de force* of screen spectacular technique, is now recognised—by the majority of critics, at any rate—as a destructive agent in regard to individual brilliance and personality. The absurdity, too, of the traditional methods of theatrical musical comedy imposed upon a background of visual realism such as only the kinema, in contradistinction to the stage, can give, has been judiciously realised in connection with more than one recent production. The gradual, but inevitable, return of stories set in the "great out-of-doors" of the West and of the English countryside, enhanced by natural sounds that contribute to, but in no way supersede, pictorial values, is yet another indication that producers are responding to the demand for films that have not only entertainment but characteristic cinematographic content.

Regarded in the light of these reactions, Ernst Lubitsch's first talking-picture, "The Love Parade," is one of the most significant we have had since the screen found its voice. And this mainly because in it perfection of the old technique combines with what bids fair to be an equal perfection of the new in a way that has, so far, not been attained in any other talking-film—with the possible exception of "Hallelujah."

Brilliant as is the work of Maurice Chevalier, the "star," delightful the singing of Jeanette MacDonald, irresistibly comic the humour of Lupino Lane, the direction of Ernst Lubitsch outshines them all. From material that is by no means new in plot or characterisation—material that has been burlesqued a hundred times and staled by musical-comedy usage—he has fashioned an extravaganza of life and laughter that satirises but does not flout; that has point but not malice; that has for its objective the satisfaction of eye and ear and mind; in which sound—and even intermittent singing—are as integral parts of the action as speech and movement; in which nothing

really matters and yet everything is of equal importance; in which the characters are all formalised types and yet live. In short, an "all-talking, all-singing" pictorial extravaganza that will charm lovers of "musical shows" with its tuneful melodies, enchant the romantically minded with its revised version of the King Cophetua theme, and—most amazing of all—ensnare the highbrow in delighted appreciation of the underlying satire with which Herr Lubitsch so piquantly points his moral and adorns his tale.

Next to that of the director the outstanding performance of "The Love Parade" is, of course, Maurice Chevalier's, who first found his way to stardom in "Innocents of Paris" by the scintillating ladder of his own personality, despite, rather than because of, the material with which he had to work. But even so, his appeal was to the few rather than the many. Even now I doubt whether every audience up and down the country will altogether appreciate the subtlety and delicate finesse that are the most remarkable features of his acting. And yet, contradictory as it may sound, there is something distinctly reminiscent of Charles Chaplin's earlier work in that of Chevalier. The means of expression are entirely different, but the fundamental quality is the same. But whereas Chaplin won his first mass popularity by slap-stick methods not far removed from buffoonery, and it was left for the aesthetically critical to recognise the finer shades of his genius, the popular appeal of the grotesque is altogether lacking in Chevalier's technique. It is easy to understand the idolatry accorded to him by French kinema audiences, accustomed as they are by racial inheritance to a more sophisticated and intellectually acute form of humour than are our own provincial film-lovers. Still, he, no less than his leading lady, has been so well served by the director that it is pretty safe to forecast universal triumph for "The Love Parade."

As Queen of Sylvania—the mythical country whose ministers,

or in fact. From the moment when she rises (to song) from her hard-earned rest, to the final climax when she pursues her errant husband to the room where he is cheerfully packing for immediate flight, her days are one long series of Cabinet meetings, reviews, and other State functions, complicated, for the purposes of the story, by emotional fervours and anxieties that must have been extremely disconcerting to a woman in her position. Through it all she sings and acts her way with most melodious charm and efficiency. If the histrionic aspect of her part is more exacting and somewhat less successfully achieved than the musical, we cannot expect everything. And it is not often that one comes across a singer with so fine a voice who also comes so near to being an accomplished actress.

As to Lupino Lane, his dancing is as delightful



THE FIRST ORIGINAL OPERETTA PRESENTED ON THE SCREEN: "THE LOVE PARADE," A NEW TALKING AND SINGING FILM AT THE CARLTON THEATRE—THE QUEEN OF SYLVANIA (MISS JEANETTE MACDONALD) AND HER ATTENDANT LADIES.

"The Love Parade," a new Paramount talking and singing picture, recently produced at the Carlton Theatre, is actually the first original operetta to be given on the screen. It tells the romantic love story of a young Queen and her Prince Consort, played respectively by Miss Jeanette MacDonald and M. Maurice Chevalier, the well-known French revue actor.

as his serio-comic acting of the valet who found it dull to be in Paris, because, like himself, everyone there was French. His duet, "Let's be Common," with Lillian Ruth, is a gem of broad comedy—a clever piece of acting and singing on the part of both performers, and a remarkable instance of the pertinent way in which the director explores every possible avenue of appeal to all and sundry.

ANN HARDING—A NEWCOMER.

It is a long time since the English World of the Kinema has seen the arrival of so interesting a personality as Ann Harding. So far she has, I think, only been seen in three pictures in this country. The first was with Ronald Colman in "Condemned," in which she plays the only feminine part—that of the wife of the Governor of the French penal settlement, Devil's Island. The first impression is her extreme prettiness. But that does not last; it changes almost at once to something deeper. For she is really beautiful, in the true meaning of that much misused word. If I were asked to describe her in terms of simile I would say that she is like a lighted candle burning steadily in a still air. She has a curiously quiescent, yet luminous, quality, like that of a guarded flame. It is, of course, not only her appearance that creates this impression, but her method of speech and movement as well; both are a notable contrast to the often restless, more flamboyant, technique of many "talkie stars." Yet this serene restraint is in no way artificial; it is obviously a part of her mental as of her physical make-up. And for this reason her work at present is extraordinarily distinctive; I know of no other screen actress with whom it is possible

[Continued on page 364.]



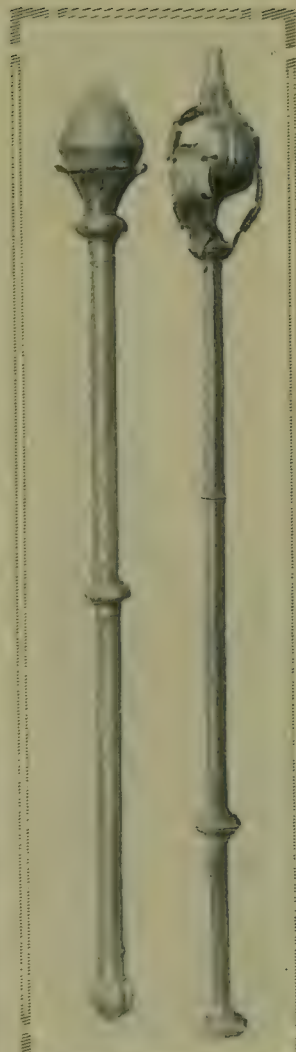
A 'WELL-KNOWN COMEDIAN APPEARING IN "THE LOVE PARADE" AT THE CARLTON THEATRE: MR. LUPINO LANE.

manners, and fiscal policy provide such excellent opportunities for the penetrating wit and caustic pictorial commentaries of Herr Lubitsch—Miss Jeanette MacDonald has no easy task in fiction

IMPERIAL SYMBOLS STORED IN A REPUBLIC : GERMAN AND AUSTRIAN REGALIA IN THE HOFBURG AT VIENNA.



THE HILT OF THE SO-CALLED SWORD OF CHARLEMAGNE : A HISTORIC EXAMPLE OF ANTIQUE ORIENTAL WORK IN ARMOURY.



INSIGNIA OF THE HOLY ROMAN EMPERORS : A PAIR OF SCEPTRES PRESERVED AT VIENNA.



THE CROWN OF THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH : A RELIC ASSOCIATED WITH TRAGIC MEMORIES PRESERVED AT VIENNA AMONG THE REGALIA OF THE FORMER IMPERIAL HOUSE.

TRADITIONALLY SUPPOSED TO HAVE BELONGED TO CHARLEMAGNE, BUT PROBABLY DATING FROM THE TENTH CENTURY : THE IMPERIAL CROWN OF THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE.



THE ORB OF THE OLD GERMAN EMPERORS : A RELIC OF THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE.



DESIGNATED AS THE "HOUSE CROWN" IN 1804 : THE AUSTRIAN IMPERIAL CROWN MADE FOR THE EMPEROR RUDOLF II, BY AN AUGSBURG JEWELLER, IN 1602.

In our last issue we gave a very interesting series of photographs illustrating the Holy Crown of Hungary, the "Possessor of All Power" in a country now considered to be a Monarchy with a vacant Throne. Here we present symbols from the other moiety of the disrupted Dual Monarchy—Austria, now a Federal Republic. In a German contemporary, we read: "The treasure-room of the former Imperial House of Austria, a series of small chambers in the north tower of the Hofburg in Vienna, is interesting as the store-room not only of treasures of the Habsburgs, but also of those of the old German Empire. It contains the old German Imperial Crown, the Imperial Orb, the Imperial Mantle, the Imperial Dalmatica, the Imperial Shoes, Gloves, and Stole, and the Sword of Charlemagne. Most of these relics are over a thousand years old. The first

mention of them can be traced back to 1246. Some of them were brought from Nuremberg and Aix-la-Chapelle at the time of the scare of the French Revolutionary troops under General Jourdan in 1796, when the Nuremberg nobles had them put on a manure-cart and taken to Prague. The German treasures had been kept in Nuremberg since 1424. In 1350 they were in Bohemia and Hungary during the Hussite War, and they suffered many displacements before they were brought finally to Vienna in 1827. The chief treasures are the old German Empire Crown and the Austrian Imperial Crown, known as the 'House Crown.' This crown was made in the reign of the Emperor Rudolf II. It is of gold, adorned with rubies and pearls, and is certainly one of the finest works of the Northern Renaissance. The price which was once paid for it was 700,000 thalers."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

POLITICAL changes and social revolutions, more far-reaching than any effected by politicians and revolutionaries, are often brought about peacefully and gradually through the results of scientific discovery or mechanical invention. Some unobtrusive person devises a steam-engine or a petrol-motor, a cinematograph or a radio apparatus, and lo! in a few years the habits of mankind are altered throughout the earth, and fresh laws and customs are required to meet

While Sir Alan Cobham's purpose was the development of air routes, the purely amusement side of aeroplane travel is represented in "THE AIRWAY TO SEE EUROPE." A Woman Round the Airways of Europe. By Eleanor Elsner, author of "The Magic of Morocco," etc. With a Foreword by Lord Thomson, Secretary for Air. Illustrated (Marriott; 6s.). "Mrs. Elsner's readers," says Lord Thomson, "will learn from this book how a short holiday can be spent by using the new means of transport; how accessible distant parts of Europe are to the air-traveller."

He adds that, if enough people follow her example, "they will create a demand for air transport whose results will be to make it not only swift and safe, but also reasonably cheap." The extent of the air trip here described, in a vein of agreeable gossip accompanied by practical advice and information, may be gathered from the fact that the places visited included, among many others, The Hague, Stockholm, Hamburg, Paris, Corsica, Tunis, Naples, Athens, Crete, Constantinople, Rome, Venice, Vienna, and Zurich. This little volume claims to be "the first guide-book to the air written by a woman."

In stressing the influence of scientific inventions on the social fabric, I am far from suggesting that politics and politicians are of no avail. There lie before me at the moment, in fact, three solid proofs to the contrary, in the shape of biographical studies of eminent modern statesmen. Taking the trio together, I am chiefly struck by the great divergences of character, motive, and mentality to be found among men who take a leading part in the world's affairs.

An uncommon and, I think, very attractive form of biography—reminiscent subject—has gone to the making of "CLEMENCEAU." The Events of his Life as told by Himself to his Former Secretary, Jean Martet. Translated by Milton Waldman. Illustrated (Longmans; 25s.). While the actual conversations occur at random and irrespective of chronology, the sequence of Clemenceau's long and stormy career can be followed in a table of dates and in the introductory chapters by author and translator. There is also an adequate index—that indispensable adjunct to any literary record which too many publishers nowadays omit to provide.

The more I read about Clemenceau the more I marvel, not only at the force of his impact on French politics and the fervour of his patriotism, but at the width of his knowledge and the variety of his interests, including philosophy and history, art and archaeology, literature and travel; as well as at the acid humour and verve of his intimate talk. All these qualities are abundantly illustrated in this revealing and entertaining memoir. Explaining its origin, M. Martet says: "I became Clemenceau's secretary in February 1915. In November 1917 Clemenceau took office and made me chief of his private secretariat. . . .

When I was compelled to leave him I remained his friend, and retained that friendship till the day of his death. . . . I found him again alone in 1927, and if he was not hated it was only because he had been forgotten. It is perhaps one of the most incredible facts of history, the career of this man, who, having saved his country, saw himself abandoned by everyone less than ten years after his triumph. . . . It was at this time that I began to make notes of these conversations. Everything that I have written was spoken, and nearly always to the exact word—to the comma almost. Clemenceau told me the story of his life. He 'spoke' his memoirs to me."

Clemenceau the sceptic, I fear, would not be very sympathetic about the tribulations of the Church in Russia, but he does not seem to have taken the Soviet Revolution very seriously. "The Bolshevist peril?" he exclaimed. "There is no Bolshevist peril. It is a thing of the moment. Don't you realise that for a time there will be killings and throat-cuttings, and then everything will very quickly return to where it was before? Those things can't last. One must eat, after all. In ten years Russia will have a bourgeois Government. She already has a bourgeois Government. Every now and then they shoot a few individuals just to put people off the scent. But that only deceives congenial idiots. She has reformed her army and reopened her banks. One of these days you'll see the priests coming back. The circle will be closed."

A link with the subject of my next book occurs in Clemenceau's ironic remark to an American visitor: "I must tell you that your Coolidge is an extraordinary specimen. You will have got on very well with your debts by the time you have ruined us." This brings me to "THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CALVIN COOLIDGE." Illustrated (Chatto and Windus; 10s. 6d.). I dare say that Mr. Coolidge, who evinces a deeply religious mind, might have regarded his critic, in that matter at least, as an "extraordinary specimen." The spirit of this very winning and unpretentious self-record, written with a laconic simplicity that marked some of the ex-President's official utterances, is one of unswerving rectitude both in public and private affairs. "There is only one form of political strategy," says Mr. Coolidge, "in which I have any confidence, and that is to try to do the right thing and sometimes be able to succeed." His book is refreshingly brief, compared with some reminiscences I have encountered, but it is compact of sincerity and charm.

He would have had one common ground of interest with Clemenceau, in a love for classical antiquity and the literature of Greece and Rome. Recalling the classical side of his own education, Mr. Coolidge writes: "It seems to me that it is almost impossible for those who have not travelled that road to reach a very clear conception of what the world now means." Of a veteran Greek scholar under whom he studied, Professor William S. Tyler, he tells



A FAMOUS FOREIGN SYMPHONY-CONDUCTOR AT A REHEARSAL: WILLEM MENGELBERG, WHO HAS A "CÆSAREAN" METHOD.

"Mengelberg has a Cæsarean method of handling a Symphony which appeals more to the audience than the orchestra, who find that his coaching smacks of the sergeant-major! In spite of this, they play for him with more than their usual interest, and a course of Mengelberg may be recommended to any orchestra that has allowed itself to become slack. Mengelberg delights in unravelling musical complexities, and specialises in the works, neglected here, of Mahler. He has been a solo pianist."

By Courtesy of Freiherr von Gudenberg.

the new conditions. Those quiet, patient experimenters and inventors are the people who can really wield—

A lever to uplift the earth
And roll it in another course.

No modern invention is likely to have a wider influence on the future than that by-product of the petrol-engine—the aeroplane. Already it bids fair to revolutionise human activity both in peace and war. My books this week are not concerned with the military uses of aircraft, but two on the list open up new vistas in commerce and travel. With the question of the Cape-to-Cairo Route so much "in the air," metaphorically speaking, there is a special interest in a book which tends to change the metaphor into fact, namely, "TWENTY THOUSAND MILES IN A FLYING-BOAT: My Flight Round Africa." By Sir Alan Cobham. With forty-six illustrations (Harrap; 10s. 6d.).

When I saw Sir Alan's flying-boat soaring over the Thames up to Westminster on his return from the great flight, strictly according to time-table, I was impressed with a sense of punctuality and dependability characteristic of his astonishing career as an airman. He is not only a masterly pilot, who has given a new meaning to the expression "grand tour," but also a delightful writer, plying the pen as skilfully as he does the controls. Throughout the journey he was accompanied by his wife, and he mentions that together they "set to work to write this book." It will rank, I think, among the classics of aerial adventure.

One notable passage illustrates the value of aviation for medical purposes. In the heart of Africa a member of the flying-boat's crew developed an illness that needed immediate operation. "It was a matter of hours," we read, "and the problem was how to get the specialist to Boma in time. The difficulty was solved by the fact that the Belgian Congo in the year 1928 possessed an air route, and, furthermore, the whole country was linked up with wireless. . . . The authorities wireless instructions that the specialist should proceed in a plane immediately to Boma, and . . . the doctor was at Green's bedside in less than four hours. . . . He operated within five minutes of his arrival, and afterwards it was said that in another twenty minutes it would have been too late. The doctor's journey to Green's aid, two years before, would have taken as many weeks by canoe. . . . This was a great demonstration of what modern science can do. . . . The vast impenetrable jungles of the African continent that have baffled mankind for hundreds of centuries will, in two or three years, be completely conquered by man, aided by the new sciences of wireless and flying. Darkest Africa will be a thing of the past."



A FAMOUS FOREIGN SYMPHONY-CONDUCTOR AT A REHEARSAL: LEO BLECH, GENERAL MUSICAL DIRECTOR OF THE BERLIN OPERA.

"Blech is General Musical Director of the Berlin Opera, a post which suits him thoroughly, and which he fills with a quiet authority and absence of fuss much to be envied by less fortunate opera houses. He has a profound and intimate knowledge of the Wagnerian scores, but finds time and room for a sense of humour, and even to write a successful comic opera now and again."

By Courtesy of Freiherr von Gudenberg.

an amusing anecdote. "His reverence for the ancient Greeks approached a religion. It was illustrated by a story, perhaps apocryphal, that one of his sons was sent to a theological school, and, not wishing to engage in the

[Continued on page 336.]

GREAT SYMPHONY-CONDUCTORS: IDIOSYNCRASIES OF STYLE RECORDED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF FREIHERR VON GUDENBERG.



"A MUSICAL MUSSOLINI, TRANPOSED AN OCTAVE HIGHER": TOSCANINI, WHO, THOUGH DIM OF SIGHT, HAS "AN EAR LIKE A MICROPHONE AND THE MEMORY OF DATAS."



REGARDED HERE CHIEFLY AS A COMPOSER WHO CONDUCTS HIS OWN WORKS: RICHARD STRAUSS, OF OPERA FAME, WHOSE METHOD IS "AUTHORITATIVE RATHER THAN INSPIRED."



COMPARATIVELY UNKNOWN IN THIS COUNTRY, BUT FAMOUS IN THE U.S.A.: GABRILOWITSCH, OF THE DETROIT SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, WHO HAS A STYLE "RESTRAINED AND WITHOUT EXUBERANCE."



"A CONDUCTOR TO LISTEN TO RATHER THAN TO WATCH": WILHELM FURTWÄNGLER, OF THE BERLIN PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA, WHO HAS A BEAT "LIKE THE SNIPE'S FLIGHT."

We give on this page very characteristic portraits of four famous foreign musical conductors at work at rehearsal or performance, and it is interesting to note the differences in their mannerisms. Concerning them, an expert has written the following notes for us: "There are many differences of method and style between the great Symphony-conductors whose pictures appear upon this page and the page opposite, but they are all alike in one respect. Their results are built up in the rehearsal-room by long hours of organised detail work, followed by plentiful rehearsals for co-ordination and balance. Foreign conductors are always shocked when they visit this country to find six, or possibly nine, hours allotted to the preparation of a Symphony concert, especially if it includes a new work; and, though the sight-reading of our players is of a virtuosity unapproached abroad, there is no doubt that their superior rehearsal facilities give the foreigners a tremendous advantage. Arturo Toscanini is Director of La Scala, Milan, where he is a musical Mussolini, transposed an octave higher. Dimness of sight has fallen upon him, but he has an ear like a microphone and the memory of Datas. He lives only for music, and no man dare bring him an excuse. Richard Strauss, composer of 'Salome,' 'Elektra,' and 'Der Rosenkavalier,' is looked upon in this country as a composer who conducts his own works, and certainly his writing is better than his conducting, which is rather authoritative than inspired. Ossip Salomonowitsch Gabrilowitsch is a fine

pianist of uncommon delicacy, and this quality he imparts to the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, which he conducts. He gives great attention to beauty of phrasing, particularly of the inner parts, and his style is restrained and without exuberance. He married "Mark Twain's" daughter. Wilhelm Furtwängler, since the Royal Philharmonic Society brought him to London, has become familiar to us by reason of his visits with the well-drilled Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. He is a conductor to listen to rather than to watch: with a beat like the snipe's flight!"

PREHISTORIC ART IN SOUTH AFRICA:

"THE KING'S MONUMENTS"—A UNIQUE SERIES OF ROCK-DRAWINGS RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN SOUTHERN RHODESIA.

By Professor LEO FROBENIUS, Leader of the German-Africa Expedition. (See Illustrations on the Opposite Page, and Colour Reproductions on Pages I, II and III.)

IN a previous article (in *The Illustrated London News* of Aug. 24, 1929) I have already shown that, amongst the thousands of rock pictures in South Africa, there are several definite styles to be distinguished. In that first article I laid special stress on one very noticeable contrast. The great majority of the rock pictures scattered all over the country from the central Transvaal to the Cape represent, first of all, scenes from animal life—and sometimes human figures as well, these being always drawn in the act of rapid movement. But in those rock pictures to be found in the district between the central Transvaal and the Zambesi—South Rhodesia—the animal as a subject has been decidedly neglected in favour of the human figure. The figures represented are drawn in quiet and dignified poses. Thus the style of the most southerly part of Africa is a style of motion, whereas that of South Rhodesia is a style of inertia and rest. But this second style also possesses a number of other peculiarities which are noticeable in all the pictures of this district, and are completely missing in the others.

For instance, the southern pictures never show anything but animals and human figures, while in the northern pictures the representation of trees and plants is almost as frequent and varied as that of animals in the southern ones. The student of these pictures, having first become aware of the more obvious differences in the styles, will go on to notice that the whole range of subjects, both in form and meaning, of the northern style contains a number of features which are entirely absent in the southern pictures. There are not only trees or plants shown in these pictures, but also mountains, lakes, rain—whole landscapes and representations of scenery.

We found several versions of one picture, on one side of which a man is shown in the act of jumping from a rocky hill into a plain below. There is a tree growing in the plain and a dead man is lying beneath it. Or again: on one side of the picture we see a whole range of high rocky hills with a woman squatting on top of one and looking down mournfully into the valley. Below, a man with hands raised as if in prayer is walking towards a lake which is in the shadow of a huge tree. There are some fish swimming in the water. The man has thrown away his bow, and is walking straight into the lake. This is an illustration of a *motif* which occurs frequently in the folk-lore of the district. It is often the conclusion of a story of some great disappointment or sorrow in the life of the hero, who, after choosing to enter the *Dsivoa*, the depths of the water, is rewarded by attaining happiness. For not only are the depths of the water inhabited by spirits who are generous and rich in gifts, but from thence did all the precious possessions of life come to mankind. All the secrets of medicine came out of the water; the cradle of all the arts of forging and weaving was there.

Again, another group of pictures shows in the foreground men in attitudes of devotion and the body of a sacrificed woman; while, above, a second woman is shown standing, bending forward with hands outstretched for a blessing. From her body rain is streaming down, partly suggested by parallel lines, partly by drops, on to the men below. Such and similar pictures do not only suggest a deeper meaning,

if they do not themselves describe it, but they also offer a wealth of ideas which is quite superior to the *naïveté* of the southern pictures. For these know of no other subjects than scenes of hunting, fighting, dancing, or processions, or, at the best, an assembly of people.

walls of the usual type—caves like "gaping mouths" in granite rocks; they are on large slabs of rock, with the top edges projecting slightly, while at the base there is almost invariably a large altar-like stone of about five feet high. Twice the natives told me, when I asked them the names for these rock structures, that they were called "Dende Maro." That is the name by which the natives of Mashonaland designate the council seats of their kings or chiefs—seats built of large pieces of rock. "Dende Maro" means "the king's throne." Accordingly, as these pictures evidently show scenes from the great drama of the king's life, we have called them "the king's monuments."

Comparison with a great many other rock pictures has made it possible for us to get some idea of the meaning of the four pictures hitherto discovered. In Fig. 2 on the opposite page, shown also in the double-page colour reproduction (pages II and III), is represented the funeral of a deceased king. We see (from right to left) the embalmed mummy being carried away, and underneath it a zebra (that the animal has been killed is proved by the fact that blood is shown issuing from its mouth); next, a large mystic figure representing the bull-skin which is wrapped round the corpse at the final burial, the king's head only remaining uncovered.

To the left of this figure is the towering hill where, in a cave, the corpse finds its last home. Next is a mahogany-tree growing out of a termite ant-hill; the tree's fruits are drawn beside it (to the left) in their natural size; they contain the seeds from which is to be pressed the oil used in the tanning of the funeral skins and the embalming of the body. Finally (on the extreme left, at the top) is shown the inauguration of the new king. This ceremony consisted in the chiefs solemnly handing their bows to the king, and it is still performed in the same way to-day. A comparison of the king's attitude with that shown in Fig. 4 and in the lower colour reproduction on page I, proves that the latter also represents a king.

In another picture (Figs. 1A and 1B on this page), a procession coming in a rising line from the world under water is shown approaching a prostrate (or dead) king. Finally, Fig. 3 (shown also in colour at the top of page I) gives us the picture of a royal mummy wrapped in skins and crowned with a horned mask. Below, on the right, is his second wife, who is buried with her husband. The style of all these pictures is severe and monumental, and the impression they produce in the midst of those huge rocks is grand and sublime.

The Abbé Breuil and other authorities on "pre-history" have pointed out the evident relationship of the southern pictures (in the style of movement) to those of south-west Europe and eastern Spain, an affinity exemplified again and again. There is an obvious relationship to be claimed also for the great monuments of the style of "inertia and rest"—and that is to Indian art. The peculiarities of the sitting or squatting positions, the angular, severe, dignified movements, the "wedge shape" of the bodies—all these characteristics point in that direction.

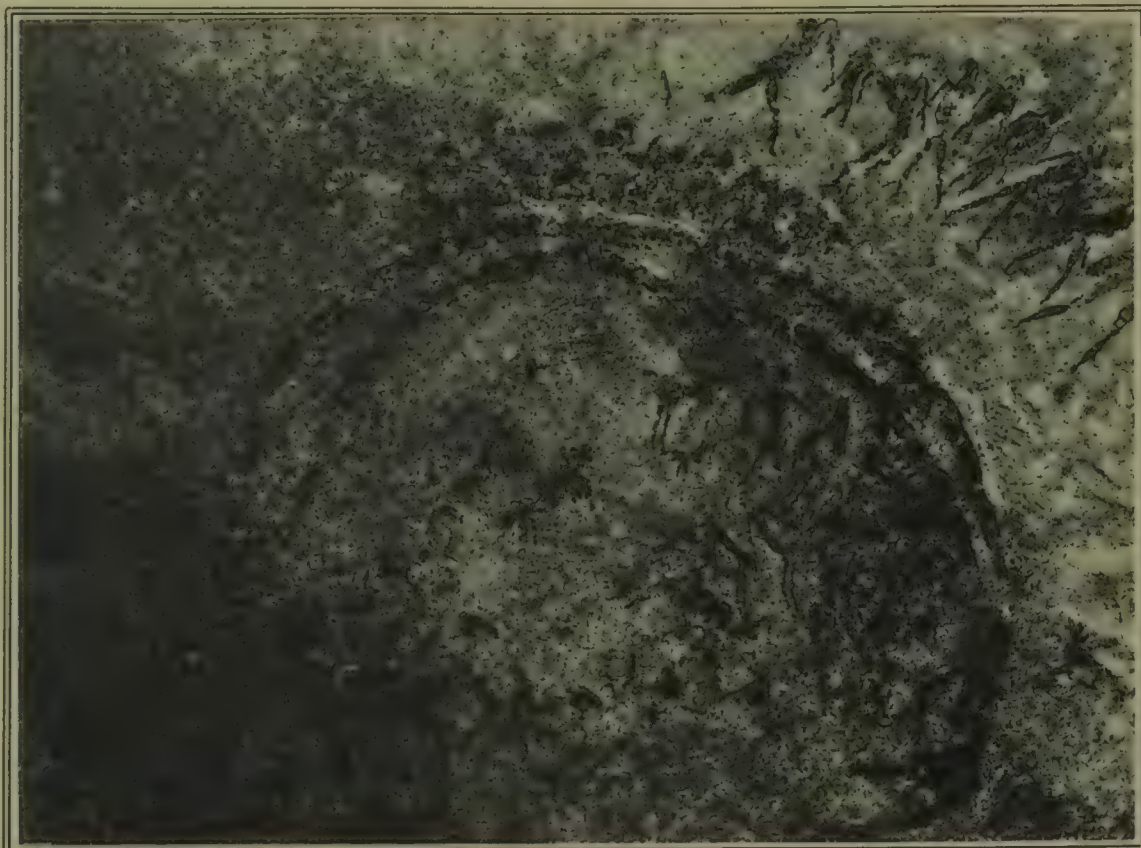


FIG. 1A. PREHISTORIC ART AS IT APPEARS ON A ROCK SURFACE IN SOUTH AFRICA: A ROCK-DRAWING RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN SOUTHERN RHODESIA—A GROUP OF FIGURES (UPPER RIGHT) REPRESENTING A PROCESSION EMERGING FROM THE UNDER-WATER WORLD. (DIMENSIONS, 57 BY 71 INCHES.)

But all the other pictures of the South Rhodesian style described above seem weak and colourless compared with the monumental size and power of



FIG. 1B. A COPY OF THE ROCK-DRAWING SHOWN IN THE OTHER ILLUSTRATION ON THIS PAGE: THE PROCESSION MOVING FROM DEEP WATER TOWARDS A PROSTRATE KING.

This copy of the rock-drawing in the upper photograph gives the detail rather more clearly. It is taken from a different angle, but the relation of the two can be identified by noting, in each, the figure on the extreme left of the procession at the top, with legs wide apart.

those big pictures of which we found four examples in the Rusape district. Already the material used for these and similar pictures is of extreme significance. These pictures are not painted on cave

"DENDE MARO" ROCK-DRAWINGS: MONUMENTS OF A PREHISTORIC KING.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR LEO FROBENIUS, LEADER OF THE GERMAN-AFRICA EXPEDITION. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE AND COLOUR ILLUSTRATIONS ON PAGES I, II AND III.)



FIG. 2. A PREHISTORIC ROCK-DRAWING, "OF MONUMENTAL SIZE AND POWER," SEEN IN SITU ON A ROCK KNOWN AS DENDE MARO ("THE KING'S THRONE") IN SOUTHERN RHODESIA: THE ORIGINAL OF THE KING'S FUNERAL GROUP REPRODUCED IN COLOUR ON PAGES II AND III. (DIMENSIONS, 108 BY 60 INCHES.)



FIG. 3. THE PREHISTORIC "TUTANKHAMEN" (SHOWN IN COLOUR ON PAGE I) AS HE APPEARS IN THE ACTUAL ROCK-DRAWING: THE KING'S MUMMY (RECUMBENT AT THE TOP) WITH THAT OF HIS WIFE JUST BELOW TO RIGHT. (44½ BY 59 INCHES.)

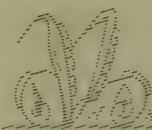


FIG. 4. IDENTIFIED AS A KING BY THE SIMILARITY OF ATTITUDE TO THE ONE SHOWN RECEIVING HOMAGE ON THE EXTREME LEFT IN FIG. 2: AN ISOLATED FIGURE ON A ROCK-WALL, REPRODUCED IN COLOUR ON PAGE I. (42½ BY 38 INCHES.)



These photographs, which illustrate the article by Professor Frobenius on the opposite page, and are numbered to correspond with his references, are of great interest as showing the appearance of the wonderful prehistoric drawings, which he describes, in their actual position on the rocks where they were discovered. The locality lies between Rusape and Headland in Southern Rhodesia. The four drawings—three groups and one single figure—form a series quite unique in prehistoric art, both for their monumental size and artistic power. The actual measurements are indicated under each photograph.

The three rock-drawings shown above are reproduced in their actual colours, on pages I, II and III of this number. Another distinctive feature of these drawings, as Professor Frobenius points out, is the character of the rocks on which they occur. They are large slabs with slightly projecting upper edges and usually a large altar-like stone below. The native name of such rock-structures is *Dende Maro*, or "the king's throne," and they are used as council seats by chiefs in Mashonaland. Professor Frobenius has accordingly named the rock-drawings, "the king's monuments."

FLAME-FINDERS; FLAME-FILCHERS; FLAME-MAKERS.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"MYTHS OF THE ORIGIN OF FIRE": By SIR JAMES GEORGE FRAZER.*

(PUBLISHED BY MACMILLAN.)

ON a day when Man ate his food raw and shivered or sweltered as the land of his birth ordained, there came to him the boon of Fire. How and when? From the Heavens, the Earth, the Waters, or the Netherworld? As the gift of a God or in the questionable shape of a Chance? None knows; but many have hazarded. Countless æons have passed since first a child saw a flame and a parent tried to explain; but in each of the Ages tales have been told—fairy stories to satisfy the inquiring, inventions to account for actuality, Promethean fictions fashioned to fit facts. Long, long ago, the weaker of these fell into the limbo of lost lore, to join the other lesser legends. The more virile still linger in the memories of the tribes and the nations; but they are languishing, bound in cloth, or dying in the materialistic air, and they are without kin. Hence the books on mythology, the printed records that preserve "the philosophy of the primitive" for the enlightenment of a curious posterity. Hence the fame that, very properly, is Sir James Frazer's, a renown which will be enhanced by this, his latest, "essay."

And of what does the author of the "Golden Bough" now write? Of three periods—the Fireless; that of Fire Used; and that of Fire Kindled. Of the first it can only be chronicled that scores of races are agreed that time was when the primeval savage had to wander content with natural heat and to feed in ignorance of cooking.

The second must be credited to accident, the luck—and often the ill-luck—that led to blazes lit by the lightning-flash, the sun's rays, the active volcano, spontaneous combustion, the friction of branch against branch or stick rubbing stick, and the striking of stone against stone; and to human intelligence grasping the potentialities of the spark. It was, of course, the era of conservation. Once the flicker had died out, no wilful act could revive it or create its like—or so it seemed. To this must be attributed not only the idea of "everlasting" fires, but the jealousy with which those possessed of fire guarded it, and the ingenuity of those bent on stealing it for distribution. Strange beings, these lords of light and warmth, as revealed by the narratives of the imaginative—Gods, men and women set apart, birds, beasts, even the whale, totemistically confused. And as odd the robbers despatched to wrest the secret from the selfish—for the majority were animals, or bore the names of animals, and all were wily to the nth. Cunning as were the owners of the coveted element, the thieves were too artful for them on scores of occasions, and not a little daring. Urged by necessity, the myrmidons of the cold and the comfortless were as bold as they were crafty—thus it is written in the sagas of their descendants. How else could they have discovered that Mar, a cockatoo of South Australia, had but to scratch its red crest to produce sparks; that a surfeit of laughter could force the deaf adder to disgorge its hidden fire in Queensland; that a woman who was the mother of the sun and the moon of the Trobriands had given birth to fire; that a

coconut-monkey could filch a firebrand from Karei, the Supreme Being, ignite the savannah grass, and so divide the Semangs?

That calls for a digression. Berok began such a conflagration that the people had to flee before it. "Some ran to the river, boarded rafts, and floated down stream; these people were the Malays of to-day. Others fled to the mountains and the forests, but, being dilatory in their movements, they were overtaken by the fire, which singed their hair; these people were the ancestors of the dwarf tribes of the Malay Peninsula, who are known collectively as Orang-Utan, and whose hair is curly because the fire singed it on their flight."

To return: fire has been the private property of a black Castor and a black Pollux, who were generous enough to toss a "star" to the Oyster Bay tribe of Tasmania; the crows of the Grampians in Australia; a woman of the Torres Straits, who had fire in a finger which was between her thumb and her forefinger; the lion of South-west Africa; a whirlpool of the ocean about Vancouver Island, which, goaded by an arrow sped into its middle, threw ashore sticks for making fire by friction; and

"won" a fire-drill by playing the same trick. Add the supreme accident! "The Andaman Islanders . . . tell of the difficulty which their ancestors experienced in recovering the use of fire after the great flood had extinguished all fires on earth, or at least all fires in the Andaman Islands. The only mountain which then rose above the waste of waters was Saddle Peak, where the Creator, Puluga by name, resided in person. The people did not know how to repair the loss of fire till the ghost of one of their friends, who had perished in the inundation, pitied their distress, and, assuming the form of a kingfisher, flew up to the sky, where he discovered the Creator seated beside his fire. The bird seized a burning log in his beak, but the heat, or the weight, or both, proved too much for him, and he dropped the blazing brand on the Creator. Incensed at the indignity and smarting with pain, the Creator hurled the brand at the bird, but the missile missed its mark and fell very opportunely near the very spot where the few forlorn survivors of the great flood were bewailing their sad condition." All of which shows the antiquity of the custom: first obtain; then explain!

So much for knowledge that is of the period of Fire Used. Necessarily, it merges into the period of Fire Kindled. Value realised bred desire to initiate, and, as has been suggested already, Man was observant and only too eager to reproduce a process to which Dame Fortune had introduced him.

Nothing could be clearer than Sir James Frazer's summing-up. Of the commonest prehistoric ways of beginning a fire—by the friction of wood and the percussion of stone—he says of the former: "If we ask, How did mankind discover the mode of producing fire by means of the fire-drill? a simple and probable answer is supplied by one of the myths of the origin of fire. . . . The Basongo Meno, a group of African tribes in the valley of the Congo, say

that from the earliest times they made their fishing-traps out of the ribs of the raphia palm. One day a man, constructing such a trap, wished to bore a hole in the end of one of the ribs, and he used a small pointed stick for the purpose. In the process of boring the hole fire was elicited, and thus the people discovered the mode of producing it." And there are other notes. The fire-saw, to which the fire-plough (or stick and groove) is first cousin: "A sharpened piece of bamboo is drawn rapidly over a convex piece of bamboo, which is thus sawn through, while the sawdust falls on tinder placed below. Mr. Henry Balfour informed me that this is the easiest of all primitive methods of making fire; he himself has thus produced fire in forty seconds. . . . According to the Kiau Dusuns of North Borneo, the first fire was produced spontaneously by the friction of two growing bamboos rubbing against each other in the wind, and . . . this spontaneous ignition of bamboos is said to happen constantly in the jungle. Hence it appears to be perfectly possible that in many cases this may have been really the source from which the savage procured his first fire and learned the mode of kindling it." Further, there is the explanation vouchsafed by the natives of De Peyster's Island, of the Ellice Group. "They say that men discovered fire by seeing smoke rising from the friction of two

(Continued on page 336.)



BYRON'S ANCESTRAL HOME TO BE PRESENTED TO THE NATION: NEWSTEAD ABBEY, FROM ACROSS THE LAKE.

It was reported recently that arrangements were practically complete for the purchase of Newstead Abbey, the ancestral home of the Byrons in Nottinghamshire, to be presented to the Nation. While no official announcement had been made, there was strong reason to believe that the purchaser was Sir Julian Cahn, of Stanford Hall, Loughborough, who has made many benefactions to Nottingham and the locality. When the projected gift of Newstead became known, Sir Julian had just started for Argentina with a cricket team he is taking thither at his own expense. Newstead is at present owned by Mr. C. I. Fraser, and is divided into three residential suites. It contains relics of the poet Byron, which it is understood will be included in the purchase. Byron's own rooms are preserved much as he left them. Close to the house is the memorial he erected to his dog, Boatswain, which once saved his life, an inscription recording that the animal possessed "all the virtues of man without his vices."

many another thing animate and inanimate, notably trees embodying inflammable wood!

As to the purloiners, the conveyors: they range from the fire-tail wren to a bandicoot; Australian black fellows who ambushed the sun as it came out of its hole in the morning and knocked a piece off it; a Polynesian boy who bit off a sunbeam; a deer with antlers alight; relays of running animals passing the flare from one to another; Prometheus with his stalk of fennel; the robin redbreast of Europe; and, especially to be remembered, Katenge, a Princess of the Bushongo who "Salome-d" the fire-stick process from Kerikeri after she had been promised a seat among the Elders if she succeeded in her task. "Such was the origin of fire-making, and such is the origin of the office of Katenge among the Bushongo; for to this day there is among the highest councillors a woman who is great among the great and bears the title of Katenge. In time of peace she wears a bow-string as an ornament round her neck; but if the country is in peril she removes it and hands it to the commander of the army, who then sallies forth and destroys the enemy."

Nor must barter be forgotten. Raven, of the Lillooet country, engaged his servant Worm to kidnap a baby-girl of the fire-owners, that she might be ransomed with Fire; and Mink, of North America,

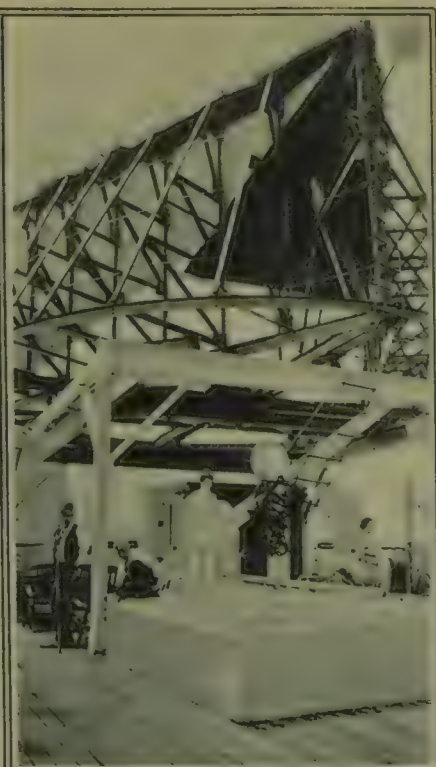
* "Myths of the Origin of Fire." An Essay by Sir James George Frazer, O.M., F.R.S., F.B.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Membre de l'Institut de France. (Macmillan and Co.; 12s. 6d. net.)

THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW TOPICAL ITEMS.

A PICTORIAL COMMENTARY ON RECENT HAPPENINGS.



THE LANDING "T" UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT CROYDON AERODROME: A NEW NIGHT SIGNAL TO AEROPLANES.
The apparatus here shown in course of construction at Croydon Aerodrome is a new device to enable pilots of aeroplanes to land "in the wind" at night. It is made in the form of the letter "T," illuminated after dark by means of Neon tubes, and turns to face the direction of the wind.



THE "SHIP-TO-SHORE" MAIL SYSTEM IN THE "LEVIATHAN": AN APPARATUS ON BOARD.
This structure has been installed at the stern of the liner "Leviathan" for receiving and despatching mail by aeroplane 600 miles from land, thus saving a day in delivery. The aeroplane flies overhead, at about 120 ft. A cable is lowered for lifting the mail-bag, which is projected by catapult, and drawing it through a trap-door into the aeroplane.



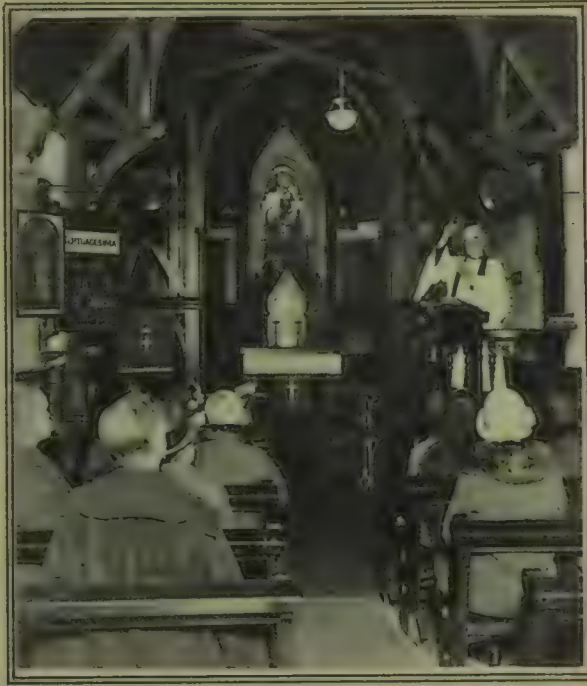
A NEW LIFE-SAVING DEVICE AT SEA: TESTS OF THE BELLONI HOOD AND DIVING-SUIT.
A new life-saving hood and diving-suit invented by Commandant Angelo Belloni (on left, wearing a bowler) was recently tested at Spezia. The demonstration was watched by British and Spanish Naval Attachés. It showed how the outfit could be quickly put on in case of shipwreck.



THE QUEEN AT A CHARITY MATINÉE: HER MAJESTY, WITH PRINCESS MARY, IN A BOX AT THE ALDWYCH.
The Queen and Princess Mary, Countess of Harewood, were present at a matinee of "A Night Like This," at the Aldwych Theatre, on February 24, in aid of the Royal Cambridge Home for Soldiers' Widows at Kingston. Her Majesty took seats for forty inmates.



"EVE," BY ONE OF HER "DAUGHTERS" IN AUSTRALIA: A STRIKING STATUE IN WOOD.
At the 29th annual exhibition of the Women's International Art Club, opened recently at the Suffolk Street Galleries, one room is devoted to works by Australian artists. Here the outstanding exhibit is this colossal statue of Eve, carved from a blackwood tree by Miss Edna Manley, who works at her forest home in Australia. Its aspect suggests bronze.



"THE DEAF HEAR"—BY SIGHT: A SERMON IN THE SIGN LANGUAGE TO A DEAF CONGREGATION AT DEPTFORD.
A great work in ministering to the spiritual needs of the deaf in London has been carried on by the Rev. W. Draper, Chaplain of St. Barnabas Church for the Deaf in Evelyn Street, Deptford, since 1895. Mr. Draper, is seen preaching in the sign language.



ICE AS A MEDIUM FOR SCULPTURE: A RELIEF REPRESENTING THE "SPIRIT" OF THE KAPPA SIGMA HOUSE, DISPLAYED AT A WINTER CARNIVAL IN AMERICA.
This photograph shows a remarkable example of sculpture in ice made in connection with the twentieth annual winter carnival of the Dartmouth Outing Club, at Hanover, New Hampshire, U.S.A. The relief is described as representing the "Spirit" of the Kappa Sigma House, the Greek initials of which are inscribed on the disc above the figure's head. Beside it stand Miss Perry Place, of New York City (on the left), and Miss Charlotte Dyett, of Rome, N.Y.



WHERE THE QUEEN PERFORMED THE OPENING CEREMONY BY MANIPULATING A VALVE: THE TREATMENT POOL AT THE NEW CLINIC FOR RHEUMATISM IN REGENT'S PARK.
The Red Cross Society's first clinic for the treatment of rheumatism, established in Regent's Park, was opened on February 25 by the Queen. Her Majesty performed the ceremony by turning a valve to fill with medicinal water the treatment pool for manipulation, exercises, and under-water douches. The clinic is housed in what was formerly Nash's Chapel, and the pool is on the site of one used for baptism. The Duke of York, Chairman of the Society, and Princess Mary were also present.

SPEED LAURELS BY LAND AND SEA: TWO NEW RECORD-CHALLENGERS.



THE NEW RACING CAR IN WHICH MR. KAYE DON WILL TRY TO BEAT THE WORLD'S LAND-SPEED RECORD: THE "SILVER BULLET" ON VIEW BEFORE LEAVING FOR AMERICA—(INSET) THE "TAIL," SHOWING AN AIR-BRAKE BETWEEN TWO UPRIGHT STABILISING FINS. The "Silver Bullet" is the giant racing car in which Mr. Kaye Don will attempt, next month, to beat the world's record land speed of 231 m.p.h., on Daytona Beach, Florida. It was built by the Sunbeam Motor-Car Company, at Wolverhampton, and there, on February 21, it was exhibited for the first time complete with its body to a large gathering of experts and admirers, while Mr. Don took his place at the wheel. The car is 30 ft. long, and has two huge engines capable of about 4000 h.p. Mr. Don arranged to leave for Florida, with the car and four mechanics, on February 26.



THE SWIMMING-BATH ABOARD THE "EUROPA": AN EXAMPLE OF THE AMENITIES IN THE NEW GERMAN ATLANTIC LINER.



SPECIAL ACCOMMODATION FOR CHILDREN IN THE "EUROPA," WHICH IS ABOUT TO MAKE HER MAIDEN VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.



THE NEW LINER EXPECTED TO DEPRIVE HER SISTER-SHIP "BREMEN" OF THE ATLANTIC "BLUE RIBAND" FOR SPEED: THE "EUROPA" RECENTLY LEAVING HAMBURG FOR HER TRIALS IN THE NORTH SEA, AS A PRELIMINARY TO HER MAIDEN VOYAGE—AN OCCASION WHEN SHE TWICE WENT AGROUND AND WAS HAULED OFF BY TUGS BEFORE PROCEEDING DOWN THE ELBE.

The new 51,000-ton North German Lloyd liner "Europa" left Hamburg on February 22 for her trials in the North Sea, before proceeding to Bremerhaven, her home port. Water conditions were unfavourable for bringing the great ship from the wharf into the river, and twice she went aground on mud banks, but at length she was hauled into position by tugs and began her voyage

down the Elbe. She is due to start on her maiden voyage to New York on March 19. The "Europa" is expected to beat the Transatlantic record of her sister-ship, the "Bremen," which last year won the "blue riband" of the Atlantic from the "Mauretania," after the latter had held it over twenty years. A year ago the "Europa" was badly damaged by fire at Hamburg.

ANOTHER "SYMBOL OF OUR TIME": THE BEAUTY OF COMPLEXITY.

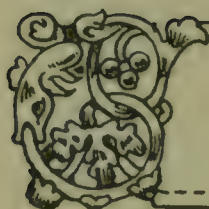
PHOTOGRAPH BY DORIAN LEIGH.



"PATTERN AND DESIGN": LOOKING UP FROM AN ENGINE-ROOM IN A NORTH GERMAN LLOYD TRANSATLANTIC LINER.

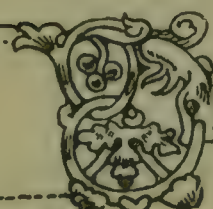
Discussing complexities of the earlier philosophical systems, Adam Smith wrote: "The machines that are first invented to perform any particular movement are always the most complex, and succeeding artists generally discover that with fewer wheels, with fewer principles of motion than had originally been employed, the same effects may be more easily produced." That may be so; but, certainly, it does not seem so to the non-mechanically minded, who are apt to shy at any assemblage of machinery, whatever its nature, and however up to date in its comparative simplicity! Nor can it

be said to apply strictly to this photograph entitled "Looking Up from an Engine-Room in a North German Lloyd Transatlantic Liner." In any case, however, the picture is of pronounced interest as illustrating the picturesque side of mechanism, and may be regarded as a companion to that called "A Symbol of Our Time," which we published on January 19 last year. Still further significance is lent by the fact that the view was taken in a vessel of the North German Lloyd, to which that much-discussed ship, the "Europa," belongs, to say nothing of the "Bremen."



Our Political Parties: Evolution from Nicknames.

By MICHAEL MACDONAGH, Author of "The Book of Parliament," "The English Kings," etc.



THE United Empire Party, whose sudden emergence in the political arena has caused such a flutter of popular excitement and speculation, follows strictly on the lines of the evolutionary development of politics in England. As a student of constitutional history, I have nothing to do here with the objects of the new Party. It interests me solely as marking a stage in the vicissitudes of the long process of political thought in this country. It is as much an offshoot of Conservatism as the Labour Party—its immediate predecessor as a new Party—is the offshoot of that other branch of English political opinion—Liberalism.

The beginning of all things political in this country may be said to have started with the Whigs and the Tories. Both arose simultaneously in the troubled period of our history—the seventeenth century; and it is a curious thing that those designations of the two great and original Parliamentary and political Parties in England were nicknames of opprobrium applied by opponents one to the other. What is also singular is that they originated not in England, but in Scotland and Ireland. Whigs were Scottish horse and cattle thieves; Tories were Irish outlaws and robbers.

The names came into use politically during the struggles of the Parliament against the Stuart Kings—Charles I. and James II. The march of 7000 adherents of the Presbyterian cause from the Western lowlands of Scotland to Edinburgh in 1648, when they wrested the government of Scotland from the Royalists and Episcopalians, was known as the Whiggamore Raid; and the term "Whig" came to be applied to those in England who opposed the succession of James, Duke of York, to the Crown on the ground of his being a Roman Catholic, and ultimately drove him from the throne in the Revolution of 1688. In like manner, the Irish term Tory—the designation of dispossessed Roman Catholics who harassed the English Protestant settlers—began to be applied contemptuously to the Cavalier or Court party in England.

What is most remarkable is that those contumacious Irish and Scottish names were, in time, proudly adopted by the two opposing English parties, and around "Tory" and "Whig" there came to be clustered many stirring memories in English political history. "The Tories," said Doctor Johnson, "are for Establishment, and the Whigs for Innovation." The Tories stood for the Crown, the Church, and the aristocracy; the Whigs stood for the curtailment of the prerogatives of the Kingship, Parliamentary reform, the extension of the franchise, and the removal of Non-conformist disabilities. The substitution of "Conservative" for Tory and "Liberal" for Whig passed into current use after the Reform Act of 1832, and may be said to have been finally adopted when, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, Disraeli and Gladstone rose to the leadership of the opposing parties.

The country being, in the main, divided politically into three chief groups of thought—Conservative, Liberal, and Labour—the machinery for the promotion of political principles and Party interests is principally supplied by three great rival organisations. These are the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations, controlled by the Conservative Central Office; the National Liberal Federation, controlled by the Liberal Central Association; and the Labour Party, controlled by the National Executive. Each of these organisations is aided by several subsidiary bodies, which are formed for the promotion of sectional political interests within the main movement to which they are attached, such as the recruiting of women and young persons.

The systems of the Conservative Union, the Liberal Federation, and the Labour Party are much alike in methods. Those of the two older Parties may be taken for the purposes of illustration. In most constituencies there is a branch of each organisation.

These local bodies elect the council for the county or for the borough. The councils send delegates to the annual conferences of the Conservative Union or the Liberal Federation, at which the programme of each Party is considered, revised, and confirmed, and a central executive is appointed with supreme authority. The branches look after Party interests locally. The Federation or the Union speak for the Liberalism or the Conservatism of the country as a whole.

But, in reality, Party affairs are controlled, for the Conservatives by the Conservative Central Office,

an agent permanently residing in practically all the constituencies. Each also has travellers on the road, bringing round to the electors, as it were, the newest and most attractive samples of principles Liberal and Conservative. Each has in its hands the supreme control of its Party.

This system of Party organisation is of modern growth. In the General Election of 1868 the Conservative Government, of which Disraeli was Prime Minister, was severely beaten at the polls. There was no Conservative organisation at the time, and the work of bringing it into existence was entrusted by Disraeli to a young barrister who had been in the House of Commons for a year or two—John Eldon Gorst. Gorst began by establishing the "Central Conservative Office." He then created a permanent system of local branches throughout the country for the registration of voters, and linked those together in the National Union. The dissolution of the Liberal Parliament in 1874, unexpected though it was, found the Conservatives, accordingly, quite prepared, and they returned from the polls victorious.

The Liberals then set earnestly to work on roughly the same lines, and produced an even more perfect electoral machine. It had already been set up in Birmingham in 1873 by Francis Schnadhorst, who was employed for the purpose by Joseph Chamberlain. In 1887 Schnadhorst also founded at Birmingham the National Liberal Federation—the inaugural meeting of which was attended by Gladstone, who welcomed the new system of Party organisation—and it was to the exertions of Schnadhorst as the chief organiser and electoral adviser of the Liberal Party that the great Gladstonian victory of 1880 was mainly due. On his retirement in 1887, Schnadhorst was presented with 10,000 guineas by the Liberal Party as a slight recognition of his services to their cause.

The Labour Party in its organisation follows exactly on the lines of the Conservative and Liberal Parties. The wage-earning classes were originally Liberal in the main; and the few members, as they succeeded in returning to the House of Commons, attached themselves to the Liberal Party, being known as "Lib-Labs." The break-away of Labour from Liberalism was started when the Independent Labour Party was founded on Socialist principles in 1893, with Keir Hardie as its first Chairman.

The next step was the formation, at a conference of trade unions and Socialist societies in 1900, of a body called the Labour Representation Committee, of which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was secretary. At the General Election of 1906, twenty-nine of their fifty candidates were returned, and thus the Parliamentary Labour Party came into existence.

The rise of these highly developed and powerful Central Party organisations was inevitable, because

necessary in the political development of Great Britain. The two fundamental principles of the British constitutional system are Democracy and Party Government. The Party organisation is therefore necessary for the education of public opinion in its tenets, and for having its forces ready to take the field at the General Election which decides what Party and what set of political principles are to have paramount influence in the Government of the country for a term of years. It is said, moreover, that the effect of Party organisation is, on the whole, to the good. To it is ascribed, by some writers on our constitutional system, the healthy political vitality of Great Britain. It keeps alive in the community an interest in public affairs and government, and gives it coherent political convictions. Thus, it is contended, the Party system contributes to the strength and security of the State.

M. MACD.

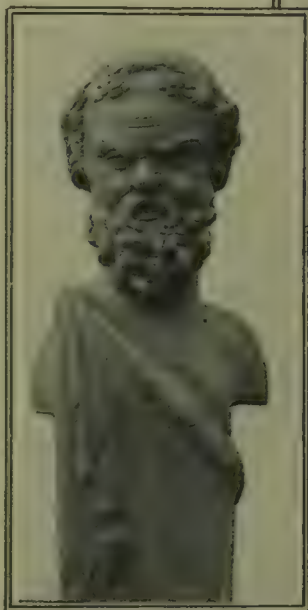


SALVED FROM THE SECOND OF THE "PLEASURE GALLEYS OF CALIGULA," AT LAKE NEMI: A TWO-FACED HEAD SURMOUNTING A GILDED BRONZE POST—PROBABLY ONE OF A SET FORMING AN OUTER BALUSTRADE.

The post stands about three feet six inches high. The "head," as can be seen, is very fine, and has been described as constituting one of the most perfect bronzes of Roman antiquity.

and for the Liberals by the Liberal Central Association. Both the Union and the Federation are founded on a popular and representative basis, and their annual meetings, at least, are open to the Press. They each fulfil

the double functions of educating political thought in the country and of enabling the Party leaders in Parliament to gauge the drift of opinion within the Party on current questions of the day. But of the working of the Conservative Central Office and the Liberal Central Association little or nothing of importance is made public. What is generally known of them is that each maintains at its headquarters at Westminster a staff of officials directed by the Chairman, or Chief Agent, who is appointed by the Parliamentary leaders of the Party. The Chief Party Whip in the House of Commons is also a leading director of the affairs of each of those central bodies. In each is vested the expenditure of the Party fund, subscribed by wealthy supporters, and popularly supposed to be beyond the dreams of avarice. Each has a voice in the selection of candidates for election to Parliament. Each has



THE FACE OF THE SATYR.



THE FACE OF THE FAUN.

Unique South African Rock-Drawings: A Prehistoric "Tutankhamen."

Drawings supplied by Professor Leo Frobenius, leader of the German-Africa Expedition. (See his article and illustrations on other pages). (Copyrighted.)



THE MUMMY OF A DEAD KING, CROWNED WITH A HORNED MASK AND WRAPPED IN DECORATIVE SKINS; (ON RIGHT, BELOW) HIS WIFE, TO BE BURIED WITH HIM: A WONDERFUL PREHISTORIC ROCK-DRAWING FOUND IN SOUTHERN RHODESIA.

THESE two illustrations, like that given on the two succeeding pages, show examples from a group of wonderful prehistoric rock-drawings recently discovered in Rhodesia by the German Africa Expedition under Professor Leo Frobenius, who describes them fully in his article on another page. They are unique among prehistoric rock-pictures either of South Africa or of Europe. "The style," he writes, "is severe and monumental, and the impression they produce, in the midst of those huge rocks, is grand and sublime." The upper subject on this page "gives us a picture (to quote again from the Professor's description)

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ONE OF THE SAME GROUP OF MONUMENTAL ROCK-DRAWINGS DISCOVERED IN RHODESIA: AN ISOLATED FIGURE, PROVED TO BE A KING BY COMPARISON WITH ONE IN A SIMILAR ATTITUDE SHOWN ON THE SUCCEEDING DOUBLE-PAGE IN COLOUR.

[Continued.]

of a royal mummy wrapped in skins and crowned with a horned mask. Below, on the right, is his second wife, who is buried with her husband." The use of the mummifying process, with decorative wrappings and ornamental head-mask, suggests a prehistoric prototype of the royal burials in ancient Egypt, as exemplified by the famous tomb of Tutankhamen. Our reproductions are on a much reduced scale. The recumbent king above is 1 metre high in the original, while the seated king below is over half a metre high. Some slight anatomical modifications have been made in our reproductions for purposes of publication.

Prehistoric Rock-Drawings Found in Rhodesia Suggesting Affinities with Indian Art: A King's Funeral.

DRAWINGS SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR LEO FROBENIUS, LEADER OF THE GERMAN-AFRICA EXPEDITION. (SEE HIS ARTICLE AND ILLUSTRATIONS ON OTHER PAGES.) (COPYRIGHTED.)



THE FUNERAL OF A PREHISTORIC AFRICAN KING DEPICTED BY A CONTEMPORARY ARTIST: A MONUMENTAL SCENE SHOWING (RIGHT TO LEFT) THE ROYAL MUMMY, ABOVE A SACRIFICED ZEBRA, A MYSTIC FIGURE REPRESENTING A BULL-SKIN SHROUD, THE HILL OF BURIAL, A MAHOGANY-TREE AND ITS FRUITS, AND HOMAGE TO THE DEAD KING'S SUCCESSOR.

We reproduce here, on a much reduced scale but in the colouring of the original, one of the large and monumental rock-drawings recently discovered in southern Rhodesia, between Rusape and Headland, and described on another page of this number by Professor Leo Frobenius, leader of the expedition that found them. He draws a contrast between two distinct types of prehistoric rock-pictures in South Africa—that of the most southerly region (from the Cape to the central Transvaal), representing mainly scenes of hunting and animal life in rapid movement; and, on the other hand, that of the country further north, in southern Rhodesia. The prehistoric art of this latter region (represented in our illustrations) is more statuesque and of a deeper meaning, dealing mainly with human beings and (uniquely) trees, plants, and landscape. This art, Professor Frobenius considers, has an affinity with that of India, notably in attitudes

of the human figures. The above scene represents a king's funeral. On the extreme right is the royal mummy, above a zebra which, as indicated by blood flowing from its nose, has been sacrificed. Next (to the left) is a large mystic figure representing the bull-skin to be wrapped round the king's body. The curious object adjoining, with seven regular projections at the base, is described as "the towering hill where, in a cave, the corpse finds its last home." Then comes a mahogany-tree growing out of a termite ant-hill, with the tree's fruits beside it. In the upper left-hand corner, chiefs are doing homage to the new king by surrendering to him their bows—a custom that is still observed, says Professor Frobenius, among native tribes to-day. The similarity between the new king and the single figure shown on the lower part of the previous page indicates that the latter also is a king.



THIS SUMMER ABROAD

The month of April heralds the Winter in South Africa—a dry and bracing season of health, accompanied by sparkling days of sunshine and crisp, clear nights on the invigorating High Veld situated at four to six thousand feet above sea-level. At the lesser altitudes—in the Low Veld regions, and at Durban and the beautiful palm-fringed resorts on the Natal Coast—the Southern Winter brings in a succession of mild sunny days and cool nights.

The South African Winter, from April to September, is, therefore, the ideal season for visiting the great inland areas, including the Victoria Falls, the Matoppo Hills, the Game Reserves and National Parks of the Eastern Transvaal and the Drakensberg Mountains, and also the glorious resorts of the Indian Ocean on the Eastern Littoral.

Special sailings at reduced rates have been arranged by two of the leading Steamship Lines to leave Southampton on 30th May and 11th June, 1930. Bookings for these sailings, with complete inclusive tours in South Africa, are now being made. Full particulars will be sent on request to:—

*The Director, Publicity and Travel Bureau, South Africa House,
Trafalgar Square, London, W.C. 2, and the leading Tourist Agencies.*

South Africa

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK;

A WAR BEACON; SOVIET BOOKS.



MR. S. R. K. GLANVILLE.
Dept. of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities, British Museum. Author of our new series of articles: "How the Ancient Egyptians Did the Things We Do To-day."



MR. A. A. CAMPBELL SWINTON.
Died on February 19, aged sixty-six. Famous consulting engineer. Distinguished for his scientific researches, more especially in connection with wireless and radiology. An F.R.S.



THE THIRD BARON WESTBURY.
Died tragically on February 21. Formerly a well-known racing owner and a first-rate game shot. Was born on April 25, 1852. His son and heir died suddenly last November.



THE FOURTH BARON WESTBURY.
The late Lord Westbury is succeeded in the title by his grandson, Richard Morland Tollemache Bethell, born in 1914, elder of the sons of the late Captain Richard Bethell.



PRINCESS KAMIKO (TAKA NO MIYA).
Younger daughter of the Emperor of Japan—photographed at the age of four months. Her elder sister, Princess Shigeko (Teru no Miya), was born in December, 1925.



THE WEDDING OF PRINCE TAKAMATSU, BROTHER OF THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN, AND MISS KIKU TOKUGAWA: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

The wedding of Prince Takamatsu (Prince Nobuhito), second brother of the Emperor of Japan, and Miss Kiku Tokugawa, granddaughter of the last Shogun, took place in Tokyo on February 4. The bride and bridegroom have left Japan for a visit to this country.



M. CAMILLE CHAUTEEMPS.
Formed a Government after the fall of M. Tardieu's Cabinet. Aged forty-five. Leader of the Radical-Socialist Party in the French Chamber. An international Rugby footballer.



A BEACON LIT ON THE OSSUARY AT DOUAUMONT TO COMMEMORATE THE BATTLE OF VERDUN: THE LIGHT, WHICH FLASHES RED AND WHITE.
The fourteenth anniversary of the Battle of Verdun was commemorated on February 22 by the inauguration of a beacon on the Ossuary at Douaumont, which enshrines the bones of French soldiers. The light, which gives alternate red and white flashes for an hour each evening, was presented by the Princess de Polignac.



ANTI-RELIGION POSTERS CARRIED BY RUSSIAN CHILDREN: ADVERTISING THE TITLES OF BOOKS APPROVED AS BEING DEFINITELY AGAINST RELIGION.
The photograph, we are informed, shows children engaged in advertising approved anti-religion works in Russia. It lends fresh interest not only to the discussion of religious persecution as a whole in Soviet Russia, but to the information on the subject which has been given to the British Ambassador at Moscow by the Russian Government.

LIZARD-HUNTING IN THE BLACK REPUBLIC: SHARP SNOUT AND "HORNED."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GILBERT C. KLINGEL.



A BURROW OF THE SHARP-SNOUTED *AMEIVA CHRYSOLEMA*, WHICH HAS "SINGLE ROOMS" FOR MALES OR FEMALES AND COMMUNAL "ROOMS" FOR PROPAGATING FEMALES: AN INCUBATION TUNNEL NEAR ST. MARC, HAITI.



EGGS AS DISCLOSED AFTER THE WALL SEALING THE PROPAGATION BURROW HAD BEEN CLEARED AWAY: A NEST OUT OF WHICH THE NEWLY BORN LIZARDS WOULD HAVE TO DIG THEIR WAY UNAIDED BY THEIR PARENTS.

THE following is a condensed version of a very interesting article by Mr. Gilbert C. Klingel, which was published in "Natural History," the journal of the American Museum of Natural History, and is here given by courtesy of the author and the editor. "In the American Museum of Natural History there is a habitat group of the rhinoceros iguana, a striking West Indian lizard between four and five feet in length, which has been so named because of the three spikes on its snout. I was so much impressed with the group that I decided some years ago to become better acquainted with this beast if opportunity afforded. Last winter I started to try my luck, not in Santo Domingo, where the group material was collected, but in Haiti, the western end of the Island of Hispaniola. The day of the rhinoceros iguana is almost over. . . . I decided to investigate first La Petite Gonaïves, a small inhabited island in the blue Gulf of Gonaïves, just south of the larger island of La Gonaïves. . . . It is formed of coral, and is so small that it could be crossed 'in a hop, skip, and jump.' . . . A few feet from the village we came abruptly upon eight of the beasts we were seeking, which

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THE RHINOCEROS IGUANA—SO CALLED BECAUSE OF THE THREE SPIKES ON ITS SNOUT: A SPECIMEN OF THE LIZARD, WHICH SUGGESTS *STEGOSAURUS* OR *TYRANNOSAURUS* AND IS NEARING EXTINCTION, PHOTOGRAPHED AT HOME IN LA PETITE GONAÏVES.

[Continued.]

dashed away upon our approach. It was thus obvious that we could not obtain pictures of them without a blind. Returning to the boat, we stripped it of its sails and, when these were draped over the slabs of glaring coral, our improvised concealment looked far less conspicuous than I had imagined it would. We had brought some bananas and mangoes for bait, but . . . we decided to eat the bananas and use the peelings for bait. Hardly had we settled ourselves within our blind before a half-score of the ungainly iguanas swept down upon the banana peels. . . . The great brutes came nearer and nearer until they were within a few feet of the lens of my motion-picture camera. . . . They looked like so many dinosaurs—certainly *Stegosaurus* or *Tyrannosaurus* could have seemed no more weird. . . . We had arrived in La Petite Gonaïves too late for the egg-laying season, and hence we returned to the Haitian mainland. . . . Further work in Haiti was begun in earnest near St. Marc, some 200 kilometres north of Port au Prince. . . . Our attention at St. Marc was soon attracted by the 'mabouya,' large sharp-snouted lizards which are common inhabitants

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of the Haitian roadside. These lizards, known as *Ameiva chrysolema*, are among the most conspicuous lizards of Haiti. They have bright yellow stripes and polka-dots, and they live frequently in colonies near the rivers. . . . We were particularly interested in finding the eggs of *Ameiva*, so, for the better part of a week, we searched over the valley back of St. Marc and pried into all kinds of burrows. . . . The eggs, however, eluded our most careful search. The tunnels into which we dug invariably ended in blank walls. By the end of the fifth day we were but little better off than when we had started, save that we had

accumulated a number of notes on burrowing habits. On the following morning, however, we located a colony in a bank at the mouth of a short ravine. The holes in the bank were, to all appearances, the same as other burrows we had worked, but excavation showed them to be quite different. They were all placed in the same stratum of earth, and their mouths formed a horizontal line along the face of the cliff. . . . We chose one and dug. It ran straight into a large hollow or cavity. There it apparently came to an end. . . . Acting upon a hunch, I had my native boy dig farther. He was thus engaged when I noticed

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THE "PREHISTORIC" ALIVE TO-DAY: THE RHINOCEROS IGUANA AT HOME.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GILBERT C. KLINGEL.



STRONGLY REMINISCENT OF A DINOSAUR—"CERTAINLY STEGOSAURUS OR TYRANNOSAURUS COULD HAVE SEEMED NO MORE WEIRD": A "CLOSE-UP" OF A RHINOCEROS IGUANA, TAKEN IN LA PETITE GONAIVES, HAITI.



SNEAKING ROUND THE BACK OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S "BLIND" IN AN ENDEAVOUR TO SATISFY ITS CURIOSITY: A RHINOCEROS IGUANA WHICH WAS ATTRACTED TO THE CAMERA BY MEANS OF A BANANA-PEEL BAIT.



APPROACHING THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S "BLIND": A RHINOCEROS IGUANA, THE WEST INDIAN LIZARD WHICH RANGES FROM FOUR TO FIVE FEET IN LENGTH AND IS IN RAPID PROCESS OF JOINING THE EXTINCT BEASTS.



ON THE ALERT: A RHINOCEROS IGUANA—SHOWING THE THREE "HORNS" ON THE SNOUT, WHICH WON IT ITS NAME BUT ARE MERELY ORNAMENTAL HINDRANCES, BEING USED NEITHER FOR FIGHTING NOR FOR BURROWING.

Continued.
that the end of his pick had suddenly become stained. Frantically yelling to him to stop, I seized a trowel and carefully cleared away the earth. In a few moments there came to light five eggs, four a beautiful white and one hopelessly crushed. The crushed egg contained a well developed, if somewhat mashed, embryo. The eggs had been laid in a little cavity just large enough to hold them, and then had been walled in with a hard packed plug of earth. We carefully placed them in a container and continued digging. Now that the secret was out it was easy. From that burrow we took two more clutches, and from the colony we

collected a total of five. . . . We found that there were two distinct types of *Ameiva* colonies; one for shelter and retreat, and another for purposes of propagation. The shelter burrows were occupied by either males or females, though only a single specimen occupied a tunnel. The propagation burrows were communal, and were made use of by a large number of pregnant females, which left as soon as the eggs were laid. The young lizards, when hatched, struggle through the layer of dirt that separates them from the outside world, without any assistance from their parents whatsoever."

Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

THE publishers must be regretting they dammed the flood of war books for so many years. Most of the novels show signs of having been written or projected while the experiences of the writers were fresh in their memories. This is not the case with "All Our Yesterdays" (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.), by H. M. Tomlinson; but, then, "All Our Yesterdays" covers the lives of a generation. It is spiritually comprehensive as well as objective; and it deals at least as much with the gathering clouds as it does with the catastrophe itself. It begins with the launch of a battle-ship at Blackwall about the time of the Boer War, and it ends with the dawn of Armistice morning before "the pale mound of Warlencourt." Its manner is diffuse, but its purpose is determinate. This, says Mr. Tomlinson in effect, is how the World War was germinated, and this is what happened after it had been brought to birth. He quotes the caustic reflections of Sir Thomas Browne on that numerous piece of monstrosity, the Multitude. The writing has all his charm and distinction. It is Everyman who is passed in review; the individual characters are vague. "All Our Yesterdays" is a long book; it ranges from London to the Far East, and back to the West again. Dockland, a tropical river—wonderfully described—Fleet Street, G.H.Q., the trenches: there lies the long road of yesterdays. The fighting men crowd on to it when it approaches the Front; we see the Australian, the Lewis gunner, and that significant figure of a war of attrition, the respectable father newly taken from his family, trudging in France with something of the dumb alarm of an ox beginning to suspect he is on his way to the butcher. Which is Mr. Tomlinson's description, not ours.

"Her Privates We" (Davies; 7s. 6d.), by Private 19022, and "Medal Without Bar" (Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d.), by Richard Blaker, are close studies of the soldier. The former has already been discussed in this paper; the latter is good, touched with sentimentality, but powerfully sincere. Here the respectable father stands out in strong relief. He serves on the home front at first; and Mr. Blaker is not complimentary to the home front. The early part of the book is,

to tell the truth, rather tedious. However, the middle-aged hero gets, by persistent endeavour, to France, takes a commission after dogged service as a gunner, and survives to the end of hostilities. "Medal Without Bar" is a striking portrait of the good citizen turned good soldier, and it is made peculiarly appealing by the art of Mr. Blaker's address.

After these specialised books we have fiction pure and simple. Except Evelyn Waugh's "Vile Bodies" (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.), which, to be sure, is neither pure nor simple. It is sophisticated to the last degree. It is exceedingly, brilliantly funny. It satirises the Bright Young People. Mr. Waugh writes about the Bright Young People with relish; and he writes at them as well as of them. They are the audience in his mind. Now, anybody who reads "Vile Bodies" will laugh and laugh; you cannot help yourself. But so much wit deserves a much bigger public, and it is exactly the liveliness that are calculated to enrapture the minority to which Mr. Waugh addresses himself that will repel the majority that cannot (for example) feel that prostitution and battlefields are happy subjects for the humourist. The people in Elizabeth Drew's "Six Hearts" (Cape; 7s. 6d.) are also modern and young and bright, but not so that it has to be said in capital letters. They know all about post-war disillusion. So, though subconsciously, does Hugh Temple, the

old-fashioned predatory male. It gives him his opportunity for the successful siege and devastation of several of the hearts. Whether it is their good or

their evil fortune that the spirit of the age would prefer them to be devastated than to be repressed is an open question. "Six Hearts" is a very dexterous and intelligent book. It is delightfully written.

"Children of the Earth" (Jarrolds; 7s. 6d.), by Ethel Mannin, and "Stepsisters" (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.), by Isabel C. Clarke, will go down with the people who enjoy glutinous romance. In "Children of the Earth" there is a rugged fisherman of the Channel Islands, and great play is made with rocky coastlines and the "tumultuous heaving grey waste" of the sea. There is a young man drowned untimely; there are island matings, the scattering of the fisherman's family, and a satisfying plot. Miss Clarke's "Stepsisters" is terribly jejune, a tract inadequately disguised as fiction, complete with the wistful orphan heiress, the worldlings, and the good people who arrive at wedded bliss after unnecessary tribulations. "The Broken Magnet" (Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.), by Brenda Muir Mackenzie, is an interesting Canadian story. It tells you what is likely to happen to the ex-V.A.D. who marries a Canadian soldier. Margaret was unlucky in her soldier, who had been vamped before he went to the war, and was re-vamped on his return by the wicked woman in the mining camp. Robert warned Margaret of Canadian hardships, but he said nothing about the disastrous lady. As for the hardships, many young women would be willing to brave the bears and the long winter for a snug little central-heated house, a good general servant, and a group of kindly "in-laws" and hospitable neighbours. Miss Muir Mackenzie's Canada is attractive.

"Rhododendron Pie" (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.), by Margery Sharp, is something out of the common. A good deal of it is promise; and promise presented in clear, vivid English is worth finding.

It is an experiment, not uniformly successful, but courageous. Ten years hence, with other books to her credit, Miss Sharp will look back at her starting-point in "Rhododendron Pie" with mixed feelings. Her epigrams are excellent; it is the attempted form that has failed her.

"The Narrow World" (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.), by Priscilla Johnston, is

that rare thing, the schoolgirl story that does not smell of bread and butter. (Girls' schools smell of floor polish, Miss Johnston points out, which is very true.) The absurd criminal code of a boarding-school appears in its proper proportion. This is a world complete in itself, and it is explored with real insight, and with a composed, though almost imperceptible, irony. Homesickness and "pashes" are given their due weight. It is an incisive picture, and, if the canvas is small, the workmanship is exact.

"The King's Club Murder" (Benn; 7s. 6d.), by Ian Greig; "Peril at Cranbury Hall" (Bles; 7s. 6d.), by John Rhodes; and "The Dain Curse" (Knopf; 7s. 6d.), by Dashiell Hammett, are detective stories. Taking "The Dain Curse" first, one's criticism is that it contains too many mechanical aids to the killing, and too many crimes. In justice to Mr. Hammett it should be said that the criminal is very neatly figured out. "The King's Club Murder" opens well, with a battered corpse on the Club links, and that, as it very soon appears, the corpse of a blackmailing old lady. The light touch in his book is grateful, and distinctly to Mr. Greig's advantage in the later development of the action. The peril at Cranbury Hall was, among other things, a medical superintendent who exploited the resident invalids in the intervals of committing graver crimes. Mr. John Rhodes has tangled the clues properly in this complicated thriller.



MR. RICHARD BLAKER, AUTHOR OF "MEDAL WITHOUT BAR."



MISS MARGERY SHARP, AUTHOR OF "RHODODENDRON PIE."



MISS ISABEL C. CLARKE, AUTHOR OF "STEPSISTERS."



MISS ELIZABETH DREW, AUTHOR OF "SIX HEARTS."



MR. H. M. TOMLINSON, AUTHOR OF "ALL OUR YESTERDAYS."

A BIG EVENT IN INTERNATIONAL "RUGGER": ENGLAND BREAKS FRANCE'S "UNBEATEN" RECORD.



FRANCE SCORE THE FIRST TRY—AND THEIR ONLY ONE—IN THE GREATEST MATCH THEY HAVE PLAYED SINCE BEGINNING "RUGGER": L. SERIN (WITH THE BALL) OVER THE ENGLISH LINE.



DURING THE MATCH THAT MIGHT HAVE PUT FRANCE IN AN UNBEATABLE POSITION IN THE "RUGGER" CHAMPIONSHIP: A FRENCH PLAYER PICKING-UP ON THE RUN.



FRANCE MEETING A RUSH BY THE ENGLISH FORWARDS: A FRENCH PLAYER (ON RIGHT, WITH THE COCK BADGE ON HIS JERSEY) MAKING FOR THE BALL.



A LINE-OUT: SCULPTURESQUE EFFECTS IN "RUGGER" ATTITUDES—A PYRAMID OF STRUGGLING MEN WITH THE BALL AS APEX.



ALMOST ANOTHER TRY FOR ENGLAND: AN ENGLISH PLAYER TOUCHES DOWN OVER THE FRENCH LINE JUST AFTER THE REFEREE (SEEN BEHIND) HAS BLOWN HIS WHISTLE FOR AN INFRINGEMENT OF THE RULES.

The Rugby football match between England and France, played at Twickenham on February 22, was one of great importance in this season's series of international games, and it was the greatest match played by a French team since their first experience of international "Rugger" in the season of 1905-6. During the present season France had already beaten Scotland and Ireland, and for the first time were well in the running for the championship. If they had beaten England on this occasion, their position could not have been surpassed, though it might have been shared by either Scotland or Ireland, who were playing their decisive match on the same afternoon at Murrayfield. The results of the day's events were that England beat France, after a hard and fast game, by 11 points (1 goal and 2 tries) to 5 points (1 goal), while Ireland beat Scotland by 14 points to 11. At present England, France, and Ireland have each won two matches and lost one. The Twickenham match attracted one of the largest crowds ever seen on the Rugby Union ground, and was watched from the royal box by Prince George and Prince Arthur of Connaught. The teams were presented to Prince George during the interval. In our photographs the English players may be distinguished by their white jerseys with a rose badge, and the French by slightly darker jerseys with a badge of the Gallic cock.

ANTIQUE DRINKING-VESSELS: EXAMPLES OF MANY LANDS AND PERIODS.



CHINESE WORK, OF THE CH'EN LUNG PERIOD: A WINE-EWER OF CANTON ENAMEL, WITH A BRONZE KYLIN AS FINIAL. (18 IN. HIGH.)



ROYAL POTATIONS IN ANCIENT ASSYRIA: KING ASHUR-NASIR-PAL (ON THE LEFT) WITH A DRINKING-VESEL HANDED HIM BY A COURT OFFICIAL (SHOWN WAVING A FLY-WHISK OF FEATHERS):



GREEK WORK OF 450 B.C.: A BRONZE FLAGON, WITH PANTHER HANDLE, DUCK ON SPOUT, AND CORAL-INLAID BASE; FOUND NEAR METZ.



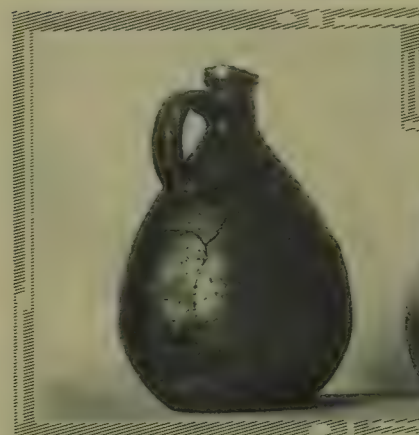
ITALIAN, OF THE SCHOOL OF BENVENUTO CELLINI (1500-1571): AN EXQUISITE CRYSTAL CUP (NOW IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY AT FLORENCE).



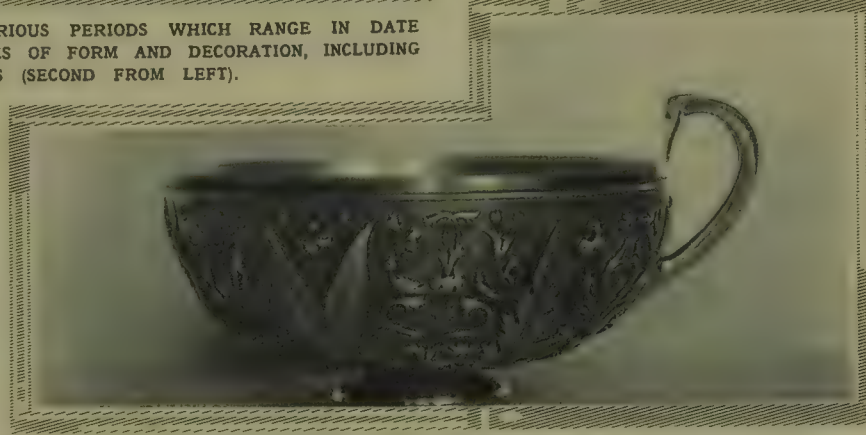
FOUR FLEMISH DRINKING-GLASSES OF VARIOUS PERIODS WHICH RANGE IN DATE FROM 1550 TO 1650: INTERESTING VARIETIES OF FORM AND DECORATION, INCLUDING A ROYAL COAT-OF-ARMS (SECOND FROM LEFT).



PORTRAITURE IN GLASS DRINKING-VESSELS: A RARE JACOBITE TUMBLER, WITH A PORTRAIT OF PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.



ROMAN WINE-JARS FROM SWITZERLAND: SPECIMENS OF A TYPE FOUND IN THE ENGE PENINSULA (NEAR BERNÉ), PROBABLY ONE OF TWELVE OPPIDA (TOWNS) FOUNDED BY CÆSAR IN THE TERRITORY OF THE HELVETII.



THE ROMAN SILVERSMITH'S ART: A FRENCH COPY OF A ROMAN SILVER CUP (END OF FIRST CENTURY B.C.) FOUND AT HILDESHEIM, HANOVER. THE COPY IS IN THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



DISCOVERED AT POMPEII: A BEAUTIFUL GREEK SILVER CUP, WITH NEREIDS MOUNTED ON TRITONS STRUGGLING WITH SEA-MONSTERS. (SECOND OR FIRST CENTURY B.C.)



TUTANKHAMEN'S WISHING CUP, OF SEMI-TRANSLUCENT ALABASTER, INSCRIBED WITH THE WISH—"LIVE THY KA AND MAYEST THOU SPEND MILLIONS OF YEARS." THIS SUBJECT IS INCLUDED IN THE SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE FINEST OF THE TREASURES FROM TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB WHICH HAVE BEEN BEAUTIFULLY REPRODUCED IN POST-CARD FORM, AS ANNOUNCED IN OUR LAST ISSUE.



A CELEBRATED RELIC OF ANCIENT GREECE: ONE OF THE SPLENDID GOLD CUPS, CHASED WITH BULL-HUNTING SCENES, FOUND AT VAPHIO, IN LACONIA, AND DATING FROM ABOUT 1500 B.C.

MODERN DRINKING-VESSELS: STRIKING DESIGNS OF TO-DAY.



PAINTED WITH SALMON FLIES, POLO PLAYERS, OR GAME BIRDS: AN ENTERTAINING COCKTAIL SET FROM FORTNUM AND MASON'S.



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LOVELY CURVES IN MODERN SILVERWORK: A DECANTER AND GLASS BY GEORG JENSEN, THE CELEBRATED SILVERSMITH, OF 15A, NEW BOND ST. W.



NESTING CUPS FOR CLOSELY-PACKED TRAYS: A NEW IDEA FOR A TEA SET IN THE PRACTICAL COLOURED "BEATL" WARE, WHICH IS NON-FRAGILE.



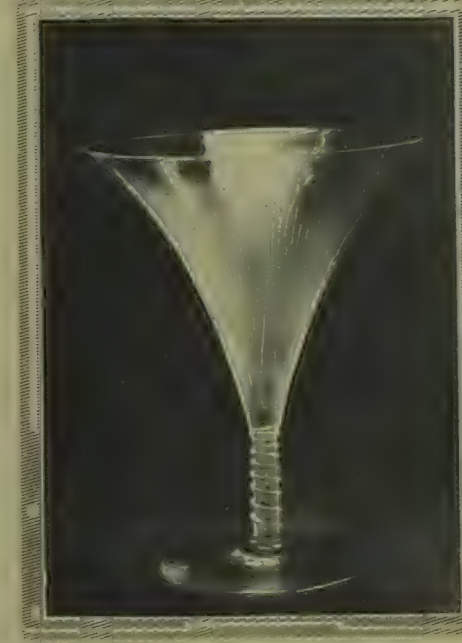
"BUBBLY" GLASS IN MODERNISTIC SHAPES: AN ORIGINAL IDEA FOR A COCKTAIL SET FROM FORTNUM AND MASON'S, OF PICCADILLY, W.



HAND-MADE AND OF FLAWLESS CRAFTSMANSHIP: A SILVER GOBLET AND JUG BY GEORG JENSEN.



WITH A MOTIF OF GRAPES: LOVELY LALIQUE GLASS AT BREVES GALLERIES, 2, BASIL STREET, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, W., WHERE THERE IS AN EXHIBITION.



THE BEAUTY OF SIMPLICITY: AN UNUSUAL WINE-GLASS OF THE TRANSLUCENT LALIQUE GLASS.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS: THE FIRST BOOK ON TOBACCO-JARS.*

Reviewed by FRANK DAVIS.



THERE is something a little alarming about the wide margins and generous spacing of this book.* Fine printing is a matter of conscious art: tobacco-jars, with one or two exceptions, are interesting, amusing—anything but genuinely artistic. In this case many pages of type worthy of a monograph on Benvenuto Cellini are faced by illustrations of the sort of thing which would have thrilled the visitors to the Great Exhibition of 1851.

This is not a complaint, but a statement of fact. But if the *format* of this volume is a little pretentious, and—if the author will forgive me—the descriptive matter extended to inordinate length, whatever is known about the subject is most certainly to be found within these pages. Mr. Myer has performed notable pioneer work in describing his collection—as far as I can discover, receptacles for tobacco have never before reached the dignity of the printed word—and his example serves to illustrate the possibilities that are within the reach of everyone in the collecting of homely and not expensive objects. One gathers that he has on occasion spent as much as ten pounds on a single jar, but that most of his acquisitions have cost him only a few shillings.

The goldsmith, the enameller, the miniaturist, have lavished all their skill and ingenuity upon snuff-boxes and such elegant trifles. In the world of tobacco-jars we scale no heights, we enter no fashionable drawing-rooms. These are things of base metal, consecrated to the service of plain men in bar-parlours. Lead takes the place of gold, pewter of silver, wood of delicate enamels. These objects are the ordinary products of industry for the multitude, not articles of luxury for the few. Their interest lies in history rather than in art. Yet if the two heads in Nos. 14 and 15 (Fig. 3 on this page) are merely horrifying, No. 59 (Fig. 4), with its lid of grapes and vine-leaves, is by no means to be despised from the purely artistic point of view. It is not easy to find so simple and so satisfying an example. The chief defect of the average jar is over-decoration. Good line and plain surfaces are qualities that are only now being rediscovered by English manufacturers. It is odd that so popular a hero as Nelson does not seem to have been commemorated

on tobacco-jars. There are instead many busts of Shakespeare, and still more of Napoleon. These latter are mostly square and surmounted by a statuette of the Emperor. The Napoleon legend was particularly fascinating in the 1830's, as is pointed out in the introduction, where a reference is made to a Birmingham catalogue of the period in the Victoria and Albert Museum, which contains numerous

makers of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries would seem to have had no qualms of conscience. They were just as ready to meet the demands of the French market as of the English. The Birmingham brassfounders of the same period, of whose productions we know much, possessed the same elastic consciences."

It has been dinned into our ears for many years past that the besetting sin of the English manufacturer has been his refusal to study the export market, and I think few readers of this page will be prepared to hold up their hands in horror at the revelation that these ancestors of ours were intelligent enough to sell the French what they wanted, instead of what they thought they ought to want.

The final pages of the book consist of a welcome reprint of a rare volume of 1824 dealing with that most curious relic known as the Westminster Tobacco-Box. This little box is of horn, and was presented to the members of the Past Overseers Society of the Parishes of St. Margaret and St. John, Westminster,

by a Mr. Henry Monck. This was engraved with the name of the donor, and the box has been preserved ever since in the custody of each succeeding senior overseer. Each year the box was produced at the Society's meetings, and some silver ornament added to it. Naturally, the original box has been enclosed, and enclosed again, several times to allow inscriptions to be added, so that the outer case is to-day of considerable size. It became the custom to note upon it the chief events of each year. Thus an engraved plate of 1779 commemorates the acquittal of Admiral Keppel; the inscription for 1926 notes the birth of Princess Elizabeth and the General Strike. The engravings are, on the whole, as good as can be expected. One (Fig. 2) is of particular interest, as it is said to have been designed by Hogarth (Plate 1, No. 2 in the end chapter), who, as is well known, did do work for silversmiths in his early days, and, indeed, was apprenticed to this business. It represents the Duke of Cumberland, with Fame blowing a trumpet and holding a laurel wreath above him, and commemorates the triumph of Culloden. One would, however, like greater authority than a report of 1824 before accepting Hogarth's authorship for this not very impressive design. The remainder vary considerably in merit, but not at all in interest. It is, perhaps, not of universal importance that, for the year 1789, beneath a head of George III., should be engraved the legend: "His Majesty's health restored. Celebrated by a general illumination." But yet how interesting to us to-day, who know that this same year saw the beginning of an upheaval in France that remoulded Europe! As contemporary his-

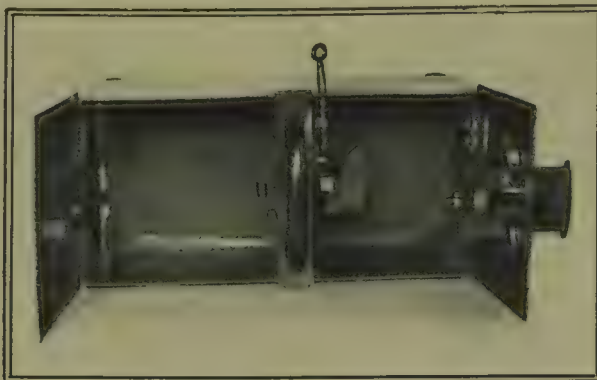
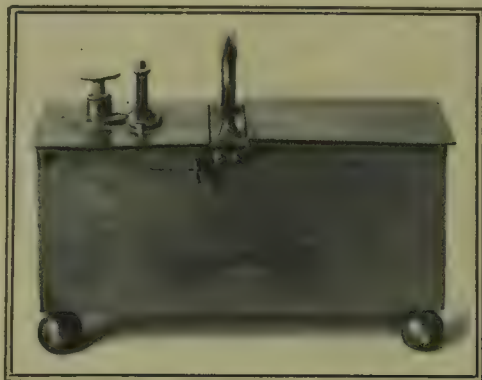


FIG. 1. A "PENNY-IN-THE-SLOT" BRASS TOBACCO-BOX, OF THE TYPE USED IN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY LONDON TAVERNS: (LEFT) THE BOX CLOSED; (RIGHT) OPENED AND SHOWING THE INTERIOR MECHANISM (SEEN FROM ABOVE).

"The customer placed a penny in the slot, and, on banging down the knob behind the slot, the lid on the right opened, enabling the customer to take out a packet of tobacco. . . . The innkeeper unlocked the box by the key showing near the handle, and opened the left-hand compartment, to extract the pennies. . . . The interior shows how the penny provided an additional thickness on the projecting piece of brass to allow, when the knob is pressed, that the catch of the opposite compartment shall be released, the lid flying open by means of a spring."

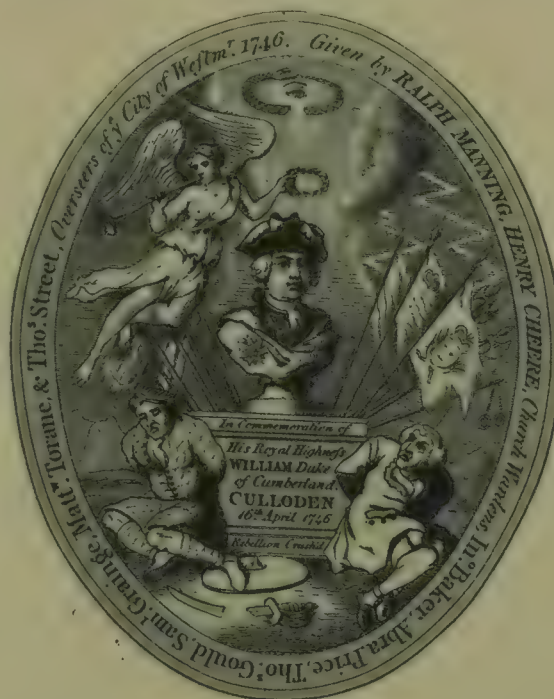


FIG. 2. ASCRIBED TO HOGARTH: A PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND, COMMEMORATING CULLODEN, INSIDE THE LID OF THE ORIGINAL HORN BOX IN THE "WESTMINSTER TOBACCO-BOX."

That curious relic known as the Westminster Tobacco-Box (dating from 1713), whose history is recorded in a reprint of a book published in 1824, included in Mr. Myer's volume here reviewed, was originally "no other than a common horn box of a portable size for the pocket, and bought, as tradition reports, at Horn Fair, for the trifling sum of fourpence."

Illustrations Reproduced from "Chats on Old English Tobacco-Jars," By Reginald Myer. By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co.

illustrations of clocks, candelabra, inkstands, etc., surmounted by a small figure of the great Corsican. But the writer of the introduction allows himself a statement which can scarcely pass without a mild protest. It is this: "The English tobacco-jar

torians, the worthy overseers were sometimes trivial. So are tobacco-boxes; yet how friendly and useful—and, from the collector's point of view, cheap!



FIG. 3. THE "TOBY JUG" TYPE OF TOBACCO-JAR: TWO EXAMPLES SHAPED AS GROTESQUE HEADS—IDENTICAL AND CAST FROM THE SAME MODEL, BUT WITH DIFFERENT HATS.

"These two boxes of mine," writes Mr. Myer, "are perhaps reminiscent of the . . . Toby jugs by Whieldon, illustrated in 'Chats on Earthenware' as belonging to the end of the eighteenth century. . . . One has a base cast in lead, and a lead hat; the other has no base, and the gentleman has a brass hat."

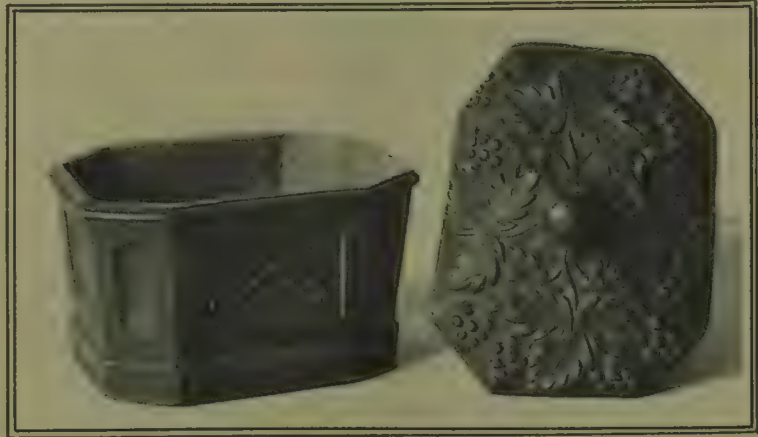


FIG. 4. WELL-MODELLED VINE-LEAVES AND GRAPES ON THE LID, AND TWO CHURCHWARDEN PIPES ON THE PANEL: AN ARTISTIC TYPE OF JAR, ASSOCIATING TOBACCO WITH BACCHUS.

* "Chats on Old English Tobacco-Jars." By Reginald Myer. With Introduction by Charles R. Beard. (Sampson Low; 1925.)

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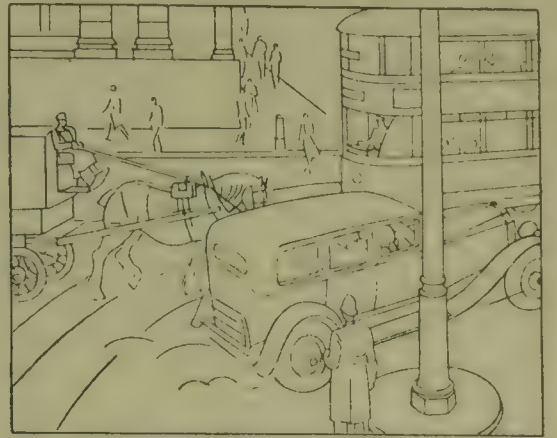
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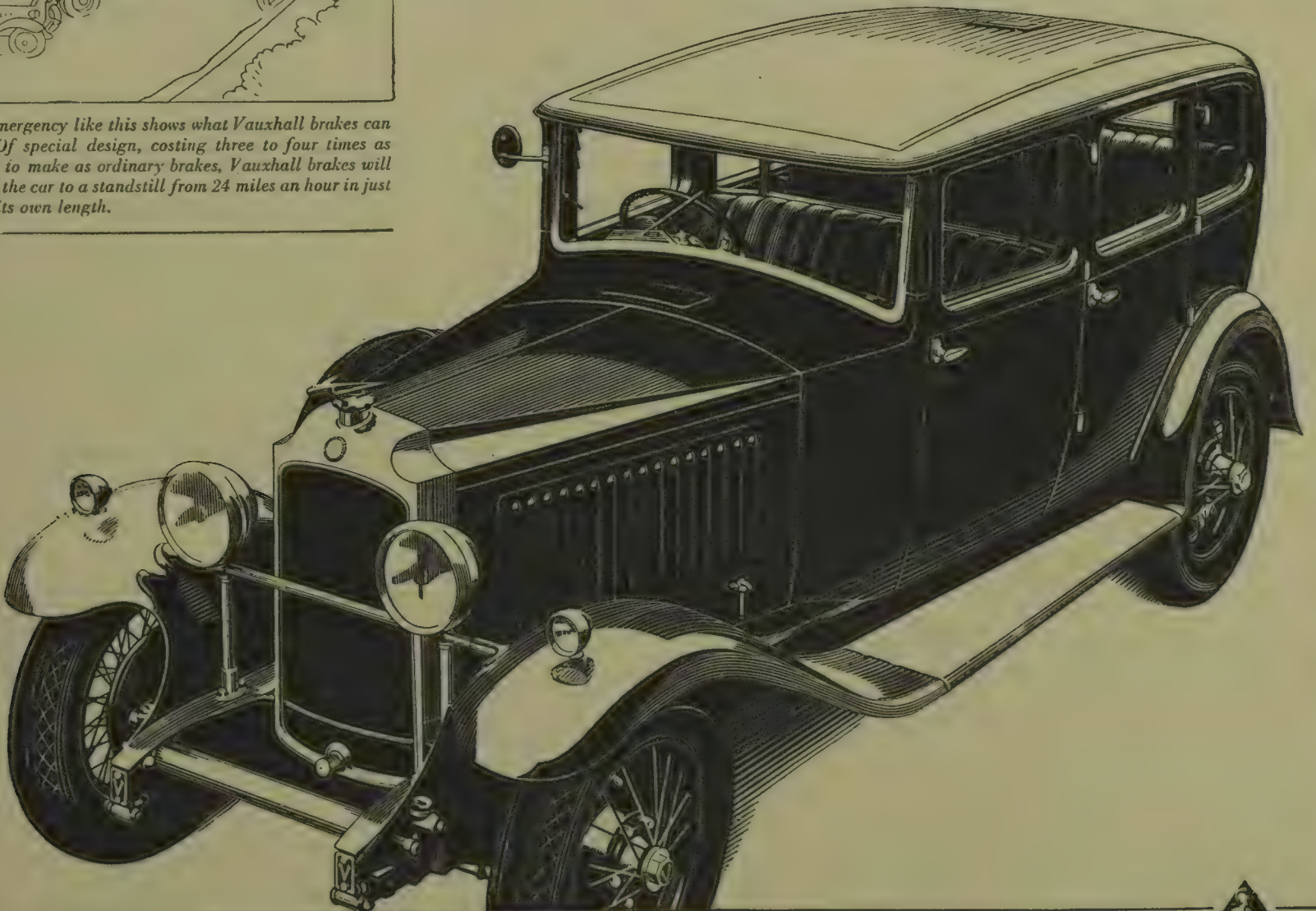
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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE ENGLISH BACH.

THERE are great gaps of musical history unrecorded, but they are gradually being filled up. It is astonishing, however, what misleading conceptions may be current about a musician or a period owing to imperfect information. Few people, even among musicians to-day, would be able, for example, to state exactly who John Christian Bach was. They would naturally assume that he was one of the famous Bach family, and perhaps go so far as to declare that he was one of the sons of the great John Sebastian; but, if you asked them which son and whether he was also a musician and what kind of musician, it is almost certain they would be at a total loss to reply.

Actually John Christian Bach, who was one of John Sebastian's four musically-gifted sons, ought to be better known by English musicians than by any others, because he lived in this country for the principal part of his life and was the most famous foreign musician and composer to make an especially English reputation between Handel and Mendelssohn. Mendelssohn, however, was only a visitor here, but John Christian Bach was a resident, and to all intents and purposes an English musician, being known until the present day in all books of reference as "The English Bach." Mozart, for example, writing from Vienna on April 10, 1782, says to a correspondent: "No doubt you know that the English Bach is dead—a sad day for the world of music."

The fact that Mozart in his maturity should write that the death of John Christian Bach was "a sad day for the world of music" will come as a surprise to many musicians and music-lovers. But, owing to Mr. Charles Stanford Terry's researches, now embodied in a biography just published by the Oxford University Press entitled "John Christian Bach," these and many other interesting facts are set forth in a convenient form. Mr. Terry has written one of the best and most scholarly musical biographies of recent times, and his investigations into the career of John Christian Bach have resulted in revealing a mass of fresh

information about the English Bach and musical life in England during the second half of the eighteenth century.

Handel died in London in 1759, and John Christian Bach arrived in London from Milan in 1762. For the next twenty years he was the leading music master in London, teaching the Royal Family the harpsichord and being appointed Music Master in the Queen's Household. "The position," says Mr. Terry, "was not a sinecure. Both Sovereigns were musical: Charlotte, Haydn remarked, 'played quite well for a Queen.' George played the violin and flute, and during his insanity Charlotte, entering his room, found him seated at a harpsichord singing a hymn to his own accompaniment. Bach was in regular attendance at Court, and as the royal children grew up they, too, became his pupils. 'The schoolroom at Court,' writes Mrs. Papendiek of a later year, 'was one of gaiety and cheerfulness. The masters were . . . for music, our dear and valued friend, Johann Christian Bach. He also gave lessons to the Queen; and of evenings, by appointment, he attended the King's accompaniment to the pianoforte by the flute.' Mrs. Delany, who frequented the 'Queen's Lodge' when the royal children were young, usually found the King on the floor playing with his family, while in the next room the royal band received his directions as to what they should play, Handel having his preference."

But this was not the principal part of John Christian Bach's career, although he continued Music Master in the Royal Household until his death in 1782. His more important career was not as a teacher, nor even as a performer, but as a composer. It was as a composer that he won during his lifetime a great European reputation, and the strangest fact of all—considering his ancestry—is that he was famous as a composer of opera.

It is a strange and thought-provoking fact that two of John Sebastian's sons achieved during their lives a far greater and wider reputation than their father did during his own lifetime or his sons'. These two were his second son, Carl Philipp Emmanuel, and John Christian. The eldest son, Wilhelm

Friedemann Bach, has been generally considered the most gifted, and Grove states that "as a composer he came nearest among his brothers to his father in the originality and bent of his genius and in his powers of improvisation," but was "indolent, ungracious, self-centred, and somewhat eccentric." Wilhelm Friedemann Bach was not the kind of man to win worldly success, and he died in 1784, having outlived his much younger brother (Friedemann was born in 1710, John Christian in 1735) by two years. His superior genius to Carl Philipp Emmanuel and John Christian must be regarded rather as a tradition than as a considered judgment, because we know at the present time too little of the works of all of them to form a definite opinion. He had, however, no great influence on his age, such as Carl Philipp Emmanuel had, who was the initiator of sonata form. The latter spoke contemptuously of "learned music," and described canons as "dry and despicable pieces of pedantry," and was in a sense the founder of a new school—the school of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. Haydn himself said of Philipp Emmanuel Bach: "He is the father and we are the children."

The English Bach showed quite as much originality, and departed wholly from his father's tradition in many respects. He became a Catholic, a composer of operas, and a fashionable man of the world, and was obviously a man of culture and charm. The portrait of him painted by Gainsborough, which is reproduced on the frontispiece of Mr. Terry's volume, shows a shrewd, clever, highly intelligent face, the face of a man who is completely at home in fashionable society, but a man also of character and sobriety.

He studied, first of all, in Berlin with his brother Carl Philipp Emmanuel, but was soon attracted by the opera house which Frederick the Great maintained in Berlin performing operas by German composers sung by Italian singers, for Frederick had a low opinion of German singers, and declared that he would as soon listen to a horse as a German singer. John Christian, about the age of twenty, left Berlin for Italy, obtained the patronage of a wealthy nobleman, and studied with Padre Martini, who was accounted the most learned musician of his age. Having, through the influence of his patron, with the help of his own ability,

[Continued overleaf.]

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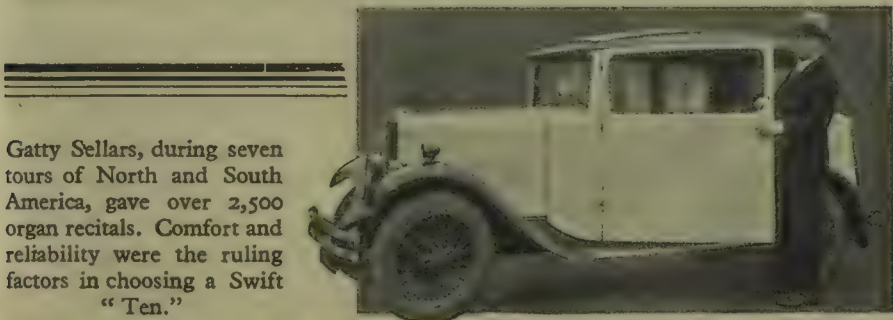
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(Continued.)

obtained the post of organist at the Duomo, Milan, he nevertheless began composing operas, and wrote three operas which were produced at Naples and Turin with considerable success.

Arrived in London, he quickly got employment at the King's Theatre, Haymarket, where all Handel's early operas had been produced, and on Nov. 13, 1762, the season opened with a comic opera, "Il Tutore e la Pupilla," or "Il Matrimonio alla Moda," a *pasticcio*. "The programme announced," says Mr. Terry, "music 'selected from various celebrated authors . . . performed under the direction of Mr. John Bach, a Saxon Master of Music.' Three weeks later in the year the first serious opera of the season was announced: 'Astarte, Re di Tiro,' The Music of the Airs . . . selected from various celebrated authors, excepting what are marked with an asterisk, which are Mr. John Bach's, a Saxon master of music under whose direction the whole is performed."

Very soon, however, Bach had the chance of composing a whole opera and getting it produced on Saturday, Feb. 19, 1763. This opera was "Orione, o sia Diana Vindicata" (Orion, or Diana Reveng'd. A Tragic Opera). "Orione" was a success, and was performed until May, when a new opera, "Zanaida," by Bach, was produced at the King's Theatre. Thereafter for many years Bach composed operas, and his fame spread, so that he was invited to Mannheim (the centre of musical activity at that time in Germany) where his opera "Temistocle" was produced on Thursday, Nov. 5, 1772.

He was invited to Paris, where his opera "Amadis de Gaule" found favour even against the competition of Gluck and Piccini. Mozart and Abt Vogler honoured Bach as one of the greatest of musicians of his day, and yet of his operas and of his music hardly a note is known by us. Mr. Terry's fine biography and his musical illustrations make us hope that we shall one day have an opportunity of hearing one of our English Bach's operas. It would be excellent if one of the Oxford or Cambridge musical societies would get up a performance. Perhaps Professor Dent will take an interest in this, so that the English Bach may find fresh honour in his adopted country.

W. J. TURNER.

MYTHS OF THE ORIGIN OF FIRE.

(Continued from Page 340.)

crossed branches of a tree, which rubbed against each other in the wind." Is it matter for wonder, then, that myth after myth tells of fire set in trees? Such a myth, for instance, as that of the Sakalwa, of Madagascar, who believe that when the flames that are the soldiers of the sun fought Thunder and Rain and were defeated the officers of the Sun Army sought safety in the bowels of the mountains (hence volcanoes) while the rank and file "hid in a great many things such as wood, iron and hard stones. That is why you can get fire by rubbing one dry stick against another; and that, too, is why sparks leap out when you knock flint and steel together."

Next: percussion. Here, again, Sir James is as definite as may be. "When we consider," he writes, "how often, in the long ages which preceded the discovery of the metals, men in palæolithic and neolithic times knocked stones together for the purposes of fashioning those rude implements which still exist in countless thousands scattered over the face of the globe, we can hardly avoid concluding that the mode of kindling fire by the percussion of stones must have been discovered independently over and over again in many parts of the world; and as little in this as in the case of the fire-drill need we resort to the hypothesis of a single discoverer, a solitary Prometheus, whose fortunate invention was spread from hand to hand to all the ends of the earth. The Yakuts of Siberia tell how fire was at first accidentally discovered by an old man who, having nothing better to do, amused himself by knocking two stones together, till sparks leaped from the stones and set fire to the dry grass. We need not accept the tale as historical, but it is probably typical of what must almost certainly have happened over and over again in prehistoric times."

Thus Sir James Frazer lifts the corners of veils enveloping the mysteries, in hope that he may disclose something of the grand secret. "It is an endless quest," he writes, of the struggle to solve the riddles of the universe, "an endless succession of systems, mythical, philosophical, scientific, confidently propounded, strenuously defended like fortresses built for eternity, glistening in rainbow radiance for a time, then bursting and vanishing like gossamer threads in the sunbeams or bubbles on a river. So it has been and so it will be;

it is not for the philosopher or the naturalist to cast stones at the glass-houses of his predecessor the myth-maker." The myth is a bridge spanning the abyss that divides the unknown and the known. "To be complete, a history of philosophy and even of science should begin with an account of mythology. The importance of myths as documents of human thought in the embryo is now generally recognised, and they are collected and compared, no longer for the sake of idle entertainment, but for the light they throw on the intellectual evolution of our species." That is well said; but it must be emphasised that there is entertainment in "Myths of the Origin of Fire"—much entertainment. E. H. G.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.—(Continued from Page 336.)

ministry, wrote his father that the faculty of the school held that Socrates was in hell. Such a reflection on a Greek philosopher so outraged the old man's loyalty that he wrote his son that the school was no place for him, and directed him to come home at once."

A British statesman with whom M. Clemenceau was in close contact at Versailles, but to whom he does not often allude in his conversational memoirs, is the object of destructive criticism in "MR. LLOYD GEORGE," A Study by Sir Charles Mallet. Author of "A History of the University of Oxford" (Benn; 9s.). Although Sir Charles emphasises his desire to do justice to Mr. Lloyd George's "remarkable qualities," his book very soon resolves itself into a sweeping, though not virulent, attack upon him as a political leader. "I have written," he concludes, "from no private motive, but simply from a desire to see sincerity and loyalty prevail in public life. I have been Mr. Lloyd George's follower. I have parted unwillingly from him. . . . I have fought a good many elections now for what I believe to be Liberal principles. And I claim with other Liberals the right to say frankly why we can no longer tolerate Mr. Lloyd George as a leader or trust him as a public man."

I remember attending a certain meeting, during the dark days of the war, when Mr. Lloyd George, as Minister of Munitions, imparted some confidential facts to representatives of the Press. Lord Northcliffe was sitting close by, but did not intervene in the discussion. Among the more vocal members of the audience was Mr. Horatio Bottomley. In those days, at any rate, the nation trusted Mr. Lloyd George, and was not disappointed. He has been called an opportunist, and certainly he rose to a great opportunity. Had he happened to pass away then, classical statesmen would doubtless have observed: "*Felix opportunitate mortis.*" C. E. B.



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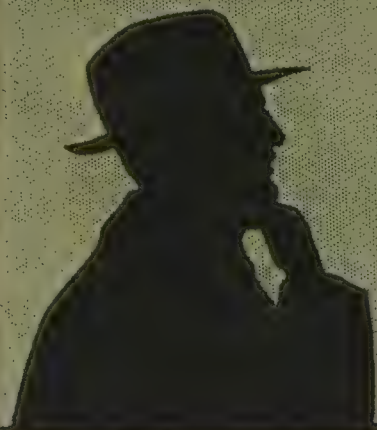
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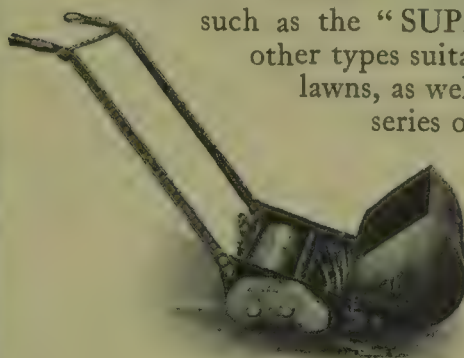
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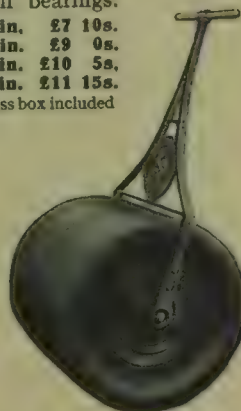
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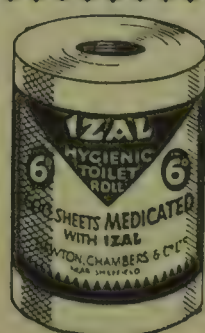
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MARINE CARAVANNING.—LXX.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPDEN, R.N.

IT is a well-established fact that dinghy-sailing forms the best apprenticeship for any type of yachtsman. This is very fortunate, for dinghy experience can be obtained cheaply. There is a great deal to be learnt in a dinghy that proves of use when handling any vessel, from an out-board racer to a battle-ship. No dinghy enthusiast, however, can call his education complete until he has raced in a dinghy and mastered the ways of the International 14-ft. Class boats. These are, without doubt, the most sporting craft to handle in existence, and call for a very high standard of knowledge from those who wish to win races in them. Unlike other dinghies, however, boats of this class are not cheap, for a new one costs approximately £150, and about half that sum when second-hand. It sounds an absurd price, but it is not excessive when the details of their construction are taken into consideration, for they form the finest examples of the boat-builder's art. Every ounce of weight is cut down, and wind-resistance is reduced to a minimum, yet they are wonderfully strong and seaworthy, and have sailed unattended across the Channel.

One of the great attractions of dinghy-sailing is that those who dislike the sea can sail them on rivers or lakes and transport them overland at little expense. The inveterate motor-cruiser "mud-crawler," therefore, has no excuse for ignorance of them. Near London many facilities for sailing exist for those with limited time, as there are sailing clubs on the Thames that can boast of fleets of the latest type of boat. The oldest that survives is the Henley-on-Thames Sailing Club, which has its club-house at Shiplake. It was started in 1896 with a curious assortment of sailing punts, dinghies, and skiffs. Two

years later it became affiliated to the Sailing Boat Association, thus attaining to the dignity of a Commodore, Vice-Commodore, and Flag Officers, Mr. H. N. Corsellis being the first Commodore.

By 1900 the fleet numbered twenty-one sailing-dinghies, and can therefore claim to be the first club on the Thames to standardise this type. In 1914 the

every Saturday afternoon during the season between Shiplake and Wargrave. This is not an unalterable routine, however, for occasionally the Henley Regatta course is sailed, or matches are arranged with similar boats belonging to Bourne End.

Certain of the salt-water school decry river sailing, but few of them can beat the river man on his own waters, for the conditions in each case vary considerably. River sailing requires very highly developed powers of local observation, and for that reason is a better schooling-ground for the novice than the sea. A near-by tree, a bank that shelves or rises, a shoal-spit round a corner, and many other things, may alter the wind or the tactics required, and may affect vitally the result of a race. These are seldom present to the same extent on salt water, where conditions are more constant.

A favourite sailing race in the Navy is one that is sailed without a rudder. Steering is effected by moving the weight of a large and well-drilled crew at the right moments. It is a very high test of seamanship for those in command. Sailing an International Class dinghy (more than any other boat) is closely akin to this, for, though the crew number only two, their positions in the boat greatly affect her sailing qualities. Even a movement of an inch makes a difference, while the effect of moving the centre-board an inch up or down has to be experienced to be fully realised.

These small craft provide an engrossing occupation for their crews. There is no pastime to be had near large cities which can give more complete rest to a tired brain, and at the same time afford physical exercise, as those who try it for the first time in a stiff breeze will discover. All who are connected with water pastimes should be members of a sailing club that races dinghies, even if they cannot afford to own one, for they will find many opportunities for gaining practical experience in the vessels of others.



DINGHY-RACING ON THE UPPER THAMES: THE START OF A SATURDAY AFTERNOON RACE BETWEEN 14-FT. INTERNATIONAL CLASS DINGHIES BELONGING TO THE HENLEY SAILING CLUB. These vessels are perfectly matched, and are all built by Mr. Uffa Fox, who has won the Prince of Wales Cup for Dinghies two years in succession.

whole fleet was destroyed by fire, and, owing to the war, it was not replaced until 1921. It has always proved itself a progressive club, and at the present time boasts of the most up-to-date fleet of International Class boats of any sailing club, for it consists exclusively of Uffa Fox craft all built on the model of the famous *Avenger*. Few of the members have the leisure to sail during the middle of the week, so, under the able leadership of the Commodore, Mr. Frank Simpson, who has held office since 1923, races are held



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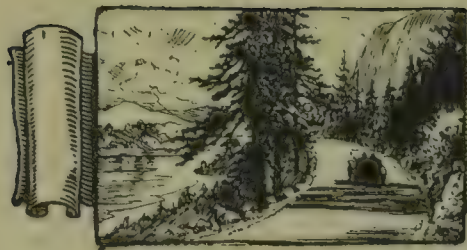
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

OFFICIAL statistics are rather dull reading as a rule, but I was pleasantly interested in a White Paper from the Ceylon Administration recording the number of motor-carriages registered in that prosperous island last year. Our neighbours the

The Lowest-
Priced
"Straight Eight."

Considering that in 1927 the total number of cars registered was 740,000, as compared with 900,000 registered on Jan. 1 this year, the demand for the small car as against that of larger horse-power has not reduced the average as low as might have been expected.

During the past three years motorists have been realising that the larger the car the greater the comfort to the occupants. Consequently, when the English motor-maker does not provide a big car at a sufficiently low price that Mr. John Public can pay, he goes to the American maker. And who can blame him, considering that he can be the owner of a Marmon Roosevelt "straight eight" saloon for £395—which is the lowest-priced "straight eight" cylinder car in the market to-day? In this Marmon he gets a full-sized carriage with a flexible engine that seldom requires the driver to change gears, an acceleration from ten to thirty miles an hour in five seconds,

death at the high "revs." they are compelled to make daily to perform their ordinary running to satisfy their owners.

Theory Ideal;
Practice
Expensive.

If one discusses this point with owners of small yet fast cars, they claim that in theory one should fit the smallest possible engine, as far as rating is concerned, that can produce the required power by its revolutions. That is real efficiency, they say. I quite agree. But, although the theory is ideal, in practice it is most expensive to the ordinary person who wants a carriage. The small high-efficiency engine requires constant attention to keep it "in tune." This costs money. It is always fitted in a chassis too small to carry a



A MOTORING PILGRIMAGE TO THE BIRTHPLACE OF GEORGE ELIOT—
ARBURY FARM, CHILVERS COTON, WARWICKSHIRE: A RILEY SIX-CYLINDER
14-H.P. STELVIO II. FABRIC SALOON OUTSIDE THE HOUSE.

pessimists are always saying England is played out, yet I was able to confound them by quoting the statement of the Director of Statistics of Ceylon that 419 Austin cars were registered there during 1929. This is the highest figure for any individual make of car for that year. Chevrolet cars came next with 377, followed by Ford and Morris with 246 and 212 respectively. I hope to see English cars top the list of new registered vehicles in all parts of the world, and Austin cars are forging ahead towards the realisation of this ideal. There are many factors helping also. Firstly, our English cars are well made and quite as able to tackle all the rough tracks as any of the automobiles of rival nationalities. The parrot-like cry that "British cars are no good for Colonial service" is now nearly killed by the practical demonstration that they can stick up for their job. This cry was simply propaganda disseminated by rival dealers, and involuntarily helped some years ago by a lot of bad back-axes which an English firm produced on their cars. That particular firm, however, has now eradicated the fault from its present-day cars. Secondly, the English motor-car builder is realising that "baby" cars are quite a sound proposition where their limitations of load are properly understood, and so is building larger, stouter, and high-horse-powered vehicles to carry seven passengers on pleasure jaunts, or three or four with full kit for a transcontinental journey on which supplies can be renewed at long intervals. In other words, Austin and other English car-builders are going to snap their fingers at the so-called bogey, the horse-power tax, in Great Britain, and build 20- to 30-h.p. cars for Empire use instead. In the meanwhile, the home consumption proceeds at a fairly steady rate of increase of some 10 per cent. per annum, with the average car now paying yearly tax on 14 h.p. In the past three years, it is interesting for motorists to remember, this average rate has only fallen from £14 7s. 6d. in 1927 to the present average car payment of £14 1s. 6d.

with a turn of speed that can "notch up" the "60" on the speedometer, and a higher rate of travel if needed. It travels quite steadily at speed round corners and over rough surfaces, as the tyres are full-sized and the wheel-base is long enough to eliminate the sharp jerks to passengers over bumps in the road. The rating is 24.2-h.p., and the wheel-base 9 ft. 4½ in., with the usual standard track of 4 ft. 8 in. This carries five passengers in its well-appointed and roomy coachwork. When the buyer wishes to carry seven people in his Marmon, he can choose one of the larger models, with £26 and £28 tax-rating—the latter for choice. This sedan or coach costs £695. One has only to inspect the Marmon show-rooms in London, opposite Selfridge's in Orchard Street, off Oxford Street, to see what a choice is given, and how many handsome carriages are available at very moderate prices. Eight-cylinder and multi-cylinder-engined cars are rapidly gaining favour with

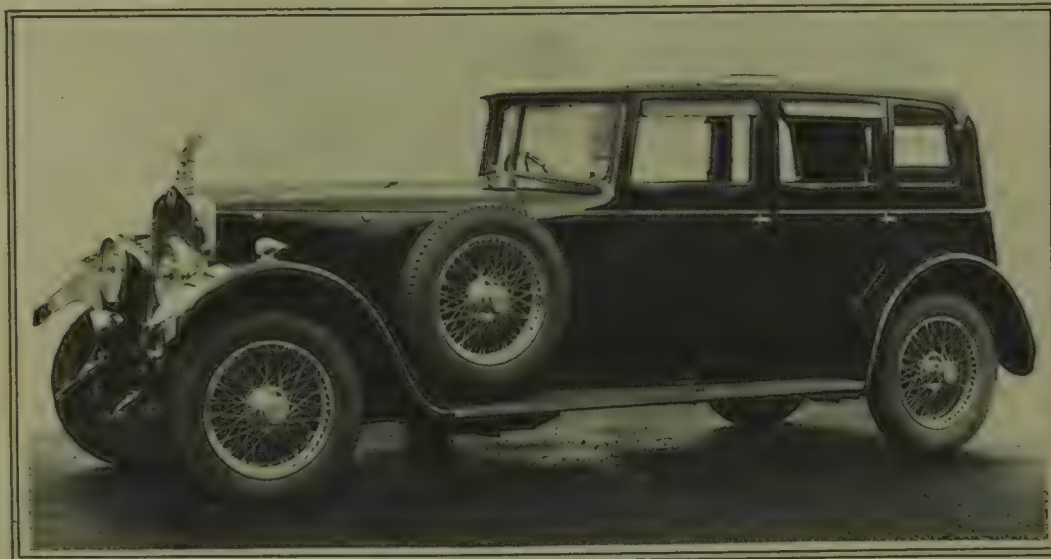


TWO STANDARD CARS AT HAMPTON LUCY, NEAR STRATFORD-
ON-AVON: A 9-H.P. "TEIGNMOUTH SPECIAL" SALOON, WITH A
SIX-CYLINDER TOURIST COUPÉ IN THE BACKGROUND.

full-sized coach-body, even in these days of miniature limousines. No, if you will pardon me, owners of small cars, the motorists who know buy as large a car as they can afford to run, as comfort comes first and efficiency theories second. Yet all praise to those small, efficient-engined cars! It is due to them that Castrol oil holds the first place in lubrication engine performance. From their efforts have grown monster efficient motors like the Napier-Irving "Golden Arrow" and the Sunbeam-Coatalen "Silver Bullet." It is also due to Lord Wakefield, as well as to his firm's excellent Castrol oils, that Britain rules the speed world at the moment. His generosity has given the "Golden Arrow" to the nation, and his financial assistance in all those international speed efforts to retain England's hold of the coveted mile land speed record is much appreciated by the motoring public and, let us hope, the general public as well. Mr.

Kaye Don, who is driving the "Silver Bullet" on Daytona Beach about the middle of March, left Southampton on the *Berengaria* for New York on Wednesday, Feb. 26. We shall see whether his

[Continued overleaf.]



ONE OF THE ARISTOCRATS OF THE ROAD: A LANCHESTER STRAIGHT-EIGHT LIMOUSINE—
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knowledgeable motorists, because it is better to have a car whose mechanism is always running far below its maximum power than one of the smaller-engined motors which thrash themselves to



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(Continued.)

plucky attempt to increase Sir Henry Segrave's present record of 231 miles per hour to 300 miles an hour is a possible feat on that sandy beach. One knows the two twelve-cylinder engines of 2000-h.p. each have been successfully tested out, and that Castrol efficiently provides for the most difficult task in such motors—namely, cooling lubrication; that the Dunlop tyres will withstand the enormous strain put upon them in hurling five tons and more of metal through the air by their grip on the sand; also the skill of the driver. But who can forecast the state of the course? Tides come and go, and leave a different surface every twelve hours. Let us hope it will be a smooth and safe one on this occasion.

Luxury Carriages: One of the cars built to-day that one buys to keep in constant use for many years without changing "Eight." "mounts" is the Lanchester "Eight." This indeed is a luxury carriage. When fitted with flexible construction Weymann coachwork it costs its purchaser £1175. The acceleration of this eight-cylinder Lanchester is great. I drove this car a hundred miles without a halt recently, and felt less fatigued than when covering half that distance on some cars. Yet the route taken held the usual motor-driving hazards that the man-at-the-wheel must expect and allow for nowadays, which tire the driver by adding accumulated shocks to the nervous system. Therefore, when the helmsman has also to tackle heavy steering, inadequate brakes, and much vibration of the motor, he gets properly tired on a longish run. Fortunately, drivers of Lanchester carriages have none of these faults to contend with, and arrive as fresh as the proverbial paint after a full day's journey in these cars.

In one of the drawings illustrating Mr. S. R. K. Glanville's first article on Life in Ancient Egypt, in our issue of Feb. 22, we regret to find there was an unfortunate error. The drawing in question showed an old mechanical device for raising water from a lower to a higher level, by means of a screw working within a cylinder revolved, treadmill fashion, by a slave. The mistake was that the surface of the Nile, from which the water was shown being transferred to a canal, was represented as being at a higher level than that of the canal, instead of *vice versa*. The canal should have been at a higher level than the river.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"A NIGHT LIKE THIS," AT THE ALDWYCH.

MR. BEN TRAVERS'S new farce at the Aldwych Theatre runs on lines rather different from those so successfully followed by its predecessors. It is a sort of burlesque "crook" play; for, to secure his main plot, the author has had recourse to that world of shady night clubs which so many dramatists nowadays invite their audiences to explore. The heroine of the piece is a charming young actress who has parted with jewels not her own to pay her debts at one of these gambling resorts. And the hero is a young oil-pro prospector who, coming to her rescue, succeeds, with the aid of an Irish policeman, first in laying out with a poker two of the "toughs" who run the club and then in rounding up the whole gang. Two of the most amusing of the seven scenes of the play are one in which the oil-pro prospector and the Irish policeman persuade an elderly gentleman, husband of the real owner of the jewels, to divest himself of his trousers, and another in which the two same gallant adventurers disport themselves with a cabman and his cab in the fog. That Mr. Ralph Lynn, as the obliging hero, and Mr. Tom Walls, as the policeman with a brogue, take full advantage of the opportunities which Mr. Travers affords them, playgoers will hardly need to be told. The two comedians have probably never been so amusing as they are in "A Night Like This."

"HERE COMES THE BRIDE," AT THE PICCADILLY.

The two main impressions which visitors to the reopened Piccadilly Theatre are likely to carry away will probably be of the comparative charm of the score provided for the new "musical-farcical comedy" by Mr. Arthur Schwartz, and of the devastating energy and mirth-provoking frenzy which Mr. Edmund Gwenn throws into the part of the hero's choleric father-in-law. This able comedian has done this sort of thing before in a Gaiety revue; but he has never let himself go with such uproariously hilarious results as in "Here Comes the Bride." Thanks, then, to Mr. Gwenn's gusto and animal spirits, and to the dancing of Mr. Richard Dolman, and of a very clever acrobatic trio, not to forget the lightness and deftness of Mr. Clifford Mollison as the hero and the charm and good looks of Miss Jean Colin as the heroine, the latest musical comedy, with its Spanish-English setting, and its complicated matrimonial entanglement of

sham marriage, divorce, and second marriage, goes with a whirl and a bang that fairly carry the audience off its feet and the production to a well-merited success. For a large part of this success credit, too, must be given to the efforts of an exceptionally well-trained chorus.

All concerned with the mechanism of motor-vehicles will welcome a comprehensive work in five volumes called "Motors of To-day," by H. Thornton Rutter, A.M.I.C.E. (Virtue and Co.; 17s. 6d. a volume), illustrated with over 1000 diagrams, charts, and pictures, and four sectional models in colour. The volumes are printed on specially prepared paper and strongly bound in rexine leather, which will stand a lot of "knocking about" before showing signs of wear, being intended for practical use not only in the private garage, but also in the workshop. There have been innumerable hand-books for motorists, but it is claimed that "Motors of To-day" has been written in such a way that the subject-matter is entirely new, while the arrangement of the contents makes it quite distinct from any other motor-book on the market. The mechanism of every type of motor-vehicle (including commercial vehicles), both British and foreign, is fully explained. The number of owner-drivers increases every year, and a working knowledge of how to repair defects is essential even in these days of road-patrols. It may often happen that the ordinary man is lost in a mass of technicalities when reading a hand-book, but this series, with its abundant pictorial detail, makes every point quite clear. The motor-dealer and salesman who handle many different makes of cars must necessarily know something about every car which passes through their hands, and the diagram of the chassis of each car should prove of the greatest practical use to them. The mechanic, professional or amateur, will find also many "tips" to simplify the task of dismantling and overhauling an engine. The maintenance of an engine in perfect condition not only gives longer life to a car, but is a contributing cause to immunity from accidents, and "Motors of To-day" tells what daily and weekly attentions a car needs to keep it at the peak of perfection. Mr. Rutter's work is one which any car-owner can understand, and it will assuredly be invaluable to those who use it.

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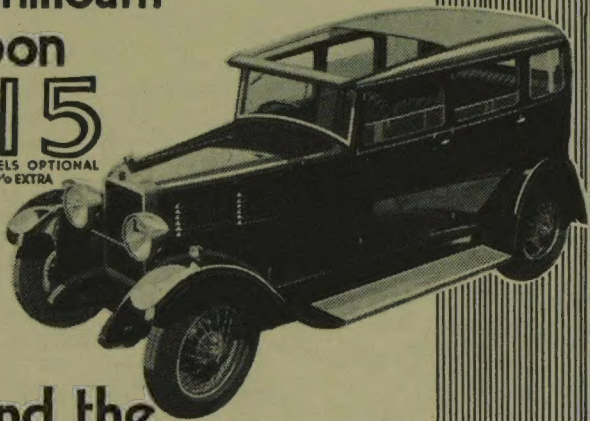
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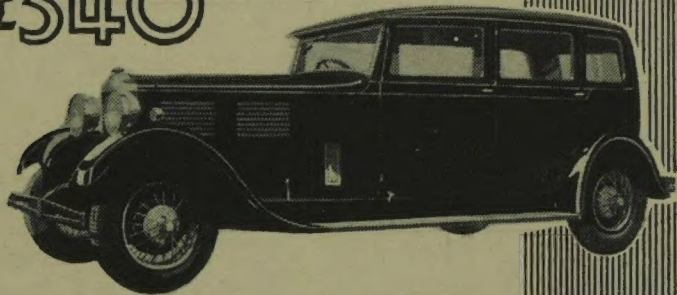


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... but remember, concentration, where the Standard is concerned, does not mean "mass-production"—there will still be that "craftsmanship" construction with every model Standard produced, and which has always been inseparably associated with all Standard cars.

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Car Magazine

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Balderton Street,
Oxford Street, W. 1.

The Standard Motor Co. Ltd., Canley Works, Coventry.

WHY REMAIN GREY?

How Society Men & Women Re-create their Hair's Lost Colour

FREE TREATISE.

How Society men and women guard against the social and business handicap of Grey Hair is revealed in a dainty little Boudoir Book just published.

This book will not take you ten minutes to read, yet it discloses the secret by which you can grow glossy, abundant, and silken hair, and—most important of all—preserve it from the greying and disfiguring touch of Time by the one treatment endorsed by the Press.

THE FOLLY OF DYES.

Dyes and artificial hair paints are, of course, strictly tabooed by men and women of refinement. This is not only good taste, but good sense as well. Dyed hair is always conspicuous. It literally shouts the embarrassing information that its colour came out of a bottle. Further, dye ruins the hair's structure and health, rots it away, and causes it to fall out.

There is only one satisfactory method of curing greyness and hair loss of colour. This is to re-create, naturally, your hair's real colour from root to tip. You will find how to do this between the gold and ivory covers of the book mentioned above.

Remarkable results follow this method. Right from the first your hair becomes less and less grey.

No matter how long the greyness has existed, the lost colour is restored.

You can easily prove this. When the colour has been restored, just wash your hair and you will find not a speck of colour comes away. This is because the colour is part of the very structure of your hair, and not a dye or stain.

THE ONE METHOD ENDORSED BY THE PRESS.

"THE QUEEN" (and "COURT CHRONICLE") says:

"Facktative" certainly is admirable in its results. Its effects are permanent, it is delightfully clean and easy to use. There are other points which commend it; its admirable effects upon the general health and condition of the hair, and so on; but it is in its wonderful powers of restoring the actual colour to the hair that its chief interest lies."

"SUNDAY TIMES" says:

"Facktative" is Nature's own remedy, and of its efficacy one can scarcely speak sufficiently in praise. I have personally used this restorative. . . . I can myself testify to the truth of all it professes to accomplish."—HYGELA (Editress "Secrets of Health and Beauty").

Space forbids but a few brief extracts only, but accompanying the free Boudoir Book is sent full, independent and spontaneous testimony which the sterling merits of "Facktative" have called forth from these and numerous other authorities from all parts. Readers should write to-day to the Facktative Co., (Suite 89), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1, for a free treatise, which will be sent post free in plain sealed envelope.

ENCOURAGES STRONG LUXURIANT GROWTH & IMPROVES HAIR-HEALTH & BEAUTY.

Besides restoring the lost colour, the Facktative treatment is of especial benefit to those who are returning to the longer hair vogue and who are anxious to quicken a strong luxuriant growth.

It removes all accumulations of Scurf or Dandruff.

It prevents the hair falling out and baldness.

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BOOK OF HAIR HEALTH AND BEAUTY FREE.

Should you be troubled with white, grey, greying, faded or otherwise discoloured hair you should write to-day to the **Facktative Co.**, (Suite 69), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1, for a copy of their book describing how to cure grey or faded hair without the use of dye or stains.

Just mention your address and a copy of this book will reach you by return, gratis and post-free, in plain sealed envelope, free from observation.

Warwick Wright Says

WHAT CONSTITUTES A 1930 CAR?

STUTZ Incorporated its features four years ago.

The double-dropped frame, with ultra low centre of gravity, Stutz had in 1926. Be not deceived by squashed-down bodywork. It does not imply a low weighted car—only lack of headroom. The straight-eight-in-line engine, with overhead camshaft, Stutz brought this out in 1926.

Safety Glass as standard—1926.

Side bumper steel running boards integral with the frame. This real safety feature Stutz brought out—1926.

Worm drive making for a low built transmission line. It comes from Stutz 1926—and since.

Four speed gearbox with silent-third, . . . Stutz features, 1928. "No-back"—without which no car is up-to-date. Stutz had it 1929.

All these points are best shown in the Stutz—which originated them and has learnt all about them by experience.

Stutz will be consistently the car of the future.

All these great points are in the STUTZ and the **BLACK HAWK**.

150 NEW BOND ST.
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THE WORLD OF THE KINEMA.—(Continued.)

to compare her in her economy of movement and expression.

In "Condemned" she creates, by this very immobility, the impression of a personality in captivity hardly less stringent than that of the convicts by whom she is surrounded. When Michel, the thief who becomes her lover, says to her "You, too, are a prisoner," he is only voicing what the actress has already conveyed to us without words. In "Her Private Affair" she makes most effective use of this same restraint in a part that many people would read as calling for more outwardly emotional treatment. In "Paris Bound" (classified by more than one American reviewer as the best "photographed play" of 1929) her peculiarly characteristic method is perhaps less sharply distinctive, since restraint is the dominant note of E. H. Griffith's finely conceived production.

Her voice is low in pitch, often husky, but it has a certain very definite charm. She knows, too, how to make silence more eloquent than speech—a gift so comparatively rare that her possession of it makes one wonder how far, in the hands of a skilful director, she may not one day go. Be that as it will, at present the utter sincerity of her acting is a no less lovely thing in its simplicity and repose than the steady flame of her beauty.

Over three thousand designs of "Sunpruf" furnishing fabrics for the modern home are at present on view at 92, Regent Street, W., the new salons of Williamson and Cole, the well-known Clapham furnishing house. In addition, there is a display of Oriental carpets, Persian rugs, china and glass, as well as a few reproductions of period furniture. A book of new furnishing and decorating schemes, beautifully illustrated in colour, will be sent post free to all who apply for "The Home Beautiful."

CHESS.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST IRVING.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, I.L.N., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

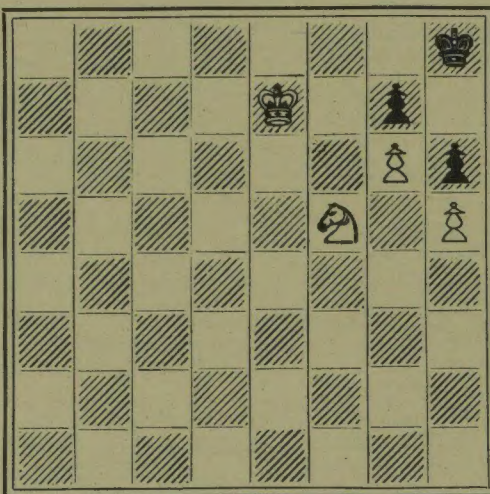
SOLUTION OF GAME PROBLEM No. XXXVII.

[8; 1p6; 1P1p4; 1K1p2B1; P2P4; 6pp; 1P6; 5k2—White to play and draw.]

This is reminiscent of Game Problem No. XX. White plays: 1. BQ2; 2. BR5; and 3. PK14; and, whichever Pawn Black queens, his own pieces prevent the check necessary to avoid stalemate.

GAME PROBLEM No. XXXIX.

WHITE (4 pieces).



BLACK (3 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: 7k; 4K1p1; 6Pp; 5B1P; 8; 8; 8; 8.] White to play and mate in six moves.

A simple little exercise in a position where one might easily go wrong over the board.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J C COOPER (Jacksonville, Florida).—The position you send shows very great ingenuity for a boy of eight, but starting with a queen-check, and having only one mate, it would not be suitable for publication. We should recommend the boy to study "The Two-Move Chess Problem" (Laws) and "Chess Problems Made Easy" (Taverner), which will stimulate his imagination and improve his technique.

NORRIS EASTER (Banstead).—Very many thanks for problems received.

In view of the forthcoming sale (on March 5) of the famous Lansdowne Marbles, many of which were illustrated in our issue of Jan. 11, members of the National Art-Collections Fund, by the kindness of the Marquess of Lansdowne, were recently invited to a Private View of these celebrated sculptures, at Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square.

Another interesting announcement made by the National Art-Collections Fund is that, as its twenty-fifth year has recently been celebrated and the membership now reaches nearly 12,000, it is proposed to present the Chairman, Sir Robert Witt, with his portrait, in recognition of his inestimable services. The choice of a painter will be left to him. "Sir Robert," it is recalled, "was one of the founders of the Fund, and he has borne the burden of its uphill fight from the beginning. It is very largely through his strenuous efforts that the Fund is in such a flourishing position to-day. No one can be aware how wholly he has been the Fund. His devotion has taken the form of a day-to-day supervision of all its activities. Members are invited to send subscriptions (large or small) made payable to the National Art-Collections Fund, and, like the envelopes containing them, marked "Portrait Fund," to the Hon. Sec., Mr. Alec Martin, Hertford House, Manchester Square, London, W.1.

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For Commerce, Engineering and Agriculture, where vocational training is combined with the best Public School tradition.
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Silky
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"THE GOLDEN GALLEON"



"Whither, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding,
Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West?"

A FINE PRINT IN COLOURS AFTER THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY

FRANK H. MASON, R.B.A.,

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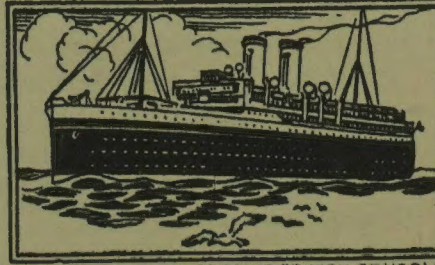
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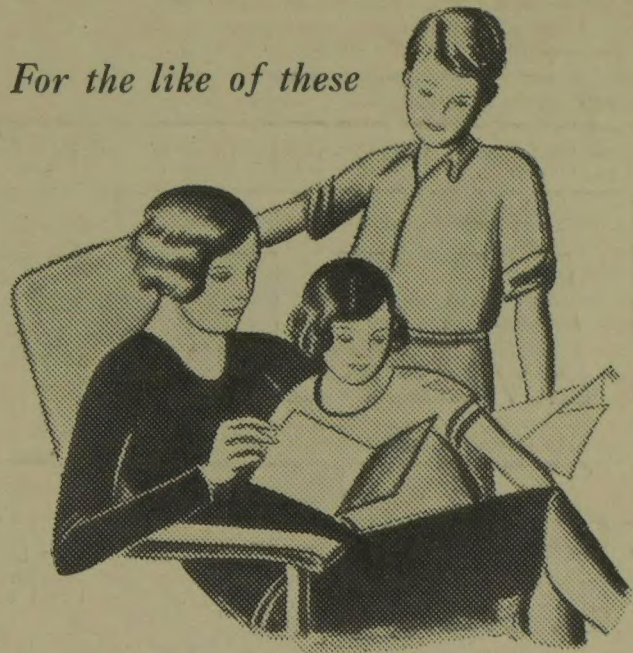
• • •

AT the Paris offices of "The Illustrated London News," "The Graphic," "The Sphere," "The Sketch," "The Tatler," "The Bystander," "Britannia and Eve," "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News," 65 and 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 211, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of all the "Great Eight" publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

Our Advertisement Agents for France, Belgium and Germany are the Agence Dorland, who should be addressed (regarding French and Belgian business) at 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, VIII^e, and at 211, Kurfürstendamm, Berlin, W. 15, regarding German business.

For Switzerland and Italy our Advertisement Agents are the Agence Havas, who should be addressed at 4, Place du Molard, Geneva.

For the like of these



To Advertising People only!

These few words are a little bit more "shop." But for once in a way the "shop" is not about the people who are doing this, that and the other campaign and making such a mark with it—or (as you were saying at lunch) such a mess of it. The "shop" this time is about the people who aren't in any limelight at all, but have crept into a corner somewhere—hurt by something that has happened. Advertising people, in the agencies and the offices, who have for the moment been downed by something—perhaps an illness; perhaps a death!

The N.A.B.S. takes these people under its wing. The calls on the N.A.B.S. are getting more numerous every year. They are bound to—aren't they?—as advertising grows.

You are engaged in advertising. Are you helping the N.A.B.S.? Charity begins at home. But widen the circle of charity an inch, and surely the people with the next and nearest claim are the people of your own guild—those whose way is your way but their fortune not so happy as yours. With aged pensioners, with widows and the fatherless looking to it, the N.A.B.S. looks to you. For just a little! For what you can afford! Shall it look in vain?

The Annual Festival will be held at the Connaught Rooms on March 28th, when H.R.H. Prince George has graciously promised to speak. Sir Gomer Berry, Bt., will preside. The demand for tickets (12/6) is sure to be big, so early application is urged.

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One Dull
Evening
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You will buy the
most beautiful
magazine you
ever saw, and get
a great deal of
reading enjoyment

IN THE MARCH ISSUE

"GETHEMENE" by Dean Eltham
"DANGER" by May Edginton
"I AM GLAD THAT I AM GROWING OLDER!" by
Lady Drummond Hay
"HOLLYWOOD . . . FROM THE INSIDE" by Leslie Fenton
"GOODBYE TO ALL THOSE" by Beverley Nichols
"MODERN NOVELS AND THEIR CRITICS" by Lord
Birkenhead
"TOUTING" by May Edginton
"WE OF THIS ISLAND" by Cosmo Hamilton
"THE REST OF THE WORLD" by Diana Bourbon
"MEIN SCHATZ" by Geoffrey Moss
"WHEN THE DEAD RIDE" by Armine von Tempski
"WHAT MAKES A PLAY SUCCEED" by Ruth Teazle
"FRENCH, GERMAN AND DANISH NOVELS—AND AN
ENGLISH ONE" by Arnold Palmer
"ENGLISH MANNER AND AMERICAN MATTER" by
Sydney Tremayne
"I BELIEVED . . . IN HEAVEN AND HELL" by The Rt.
Hon. Sir William Bull
"FAMOUS WOMEN OF HISTORY," painted by F.
Matania, R.I.
THE FUN FAIR
"FOUR SPRING RECIPES" by Catherine Ives
"CASSEROLE COOKERY" by Catherine Ives
"THE DESERTED CITY" by Cosmo Hamilton
"FURNISHING THE HOME" by Baseden Butt
"I'M A DREAMER—AREN'T WE ALL?"

A TELEGRAM FROM PARIS ON THE LATEST FASHIONS
THREE PRACTICAL STYLES FOR SPRING DAYS
MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT IN THE NURSERY
"MONOGRAMS" by Marion Dorn
"FLOORS AND CEILINGS" by Grace Lovat Fraser
"THE GLASS AGE" by Wilma Bernhard
"GADGETS"
"THE LITTLE THINGS THAT MATTER . . . IN PARIS" by
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PATTERNED TWEEDS ARE CORRECT FOR MORNING
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"THE KEY OF LIFE" by Sir Philip Gibbs
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"HOCKEY SPORTS" by Mrs. Eustace White
"BADMINTON TOURNAMENT PLAY" by Alice M Cooke
THE CHILDREN'S SALON
WOMEN'S GOLF SECTION by Eleanor E. Helme
THE "EVE" GOLF COMPETITIONS
"NEW LEGS FOR OLD"
"VENUS RISES AGAIN FROM THE FOAM" by "Chrysis"
"SOCIAL ETIQUETTE" by the Hon. Mrs. Dowdall
"MY MONTH ON THE GRAMOPHONE" by James
Agate



In "DANGER" by May Edginton
Mary Dancer was playing with fire . . . the blazing fire of
passion . . . with the fierce, burning flame of her maternal
love. Which of the three men did she want? . . . What did
she value most in the world?



In the monthly topic for discussion—
"WE OF THIS ISLAND" by Cosmo Hamilton
Who has not suffered from ice in the spine . . . ?
What Englishman has not pretended to be Irish
or even Scotch when he beholds the amazing
antics of his countrymen abroad?

BRITANNIA AND EVE

MARCH ISSUE — NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE — ONE SHILLING